



Hibbert Bath Sc.

THE APOLLO:

BEING AN

ELEGANT SELECTION

OF

APPROVED MODERN SONGS,

FAVOURITE AIRS

FROM CELEBRATED OPERAS, &c.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

Twelve New and Original SONGS

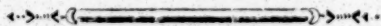
(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED)

WRITTEN TO

BEAUTIFUL & FAMILIAR TUNES,



BY R. PADDOCK, TYP.



BATH: PRINTED AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,

N^o. 15, GREEN STREET;

SOLD ALSO BY WAYLANDS, LONDON, BROWNE,

BRISTOL, AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Publication of the following ORIGINAL SONGS is entirely owing to the accident of my being a Printer.— The repeated approbation they have been honoured with, by Friends (perhaps too partial) induce me to hope they are not totally unworthy Public regard: And although they are by no means offered as first-rate Compositions, yet, it is presumed, their NOVELTY, SENTIMENTS, and GENERAL TENDENCY, will prove a recommendation in their favour.

I flatter myself, that the Musical Reader will find the Original Songs not ill adapted to their respective Tunes.

*The SELECTION is strictly chaste, as well as Elegant,
and not only the newest and most popular Songs are
introduced, but also those which are esteemed for their
Poetic Excellence.*

The Man that hath no Music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

SHAKESPEARE.

Apollo Press,
GREEN STREET, BATH,
MAY, 1791.

The

The following Original Song,

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE

Printers of Great Britain ;

PARTICULARLY

THOSE WHO HAVE SUFFERED

IN SUPPORT OF

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS;

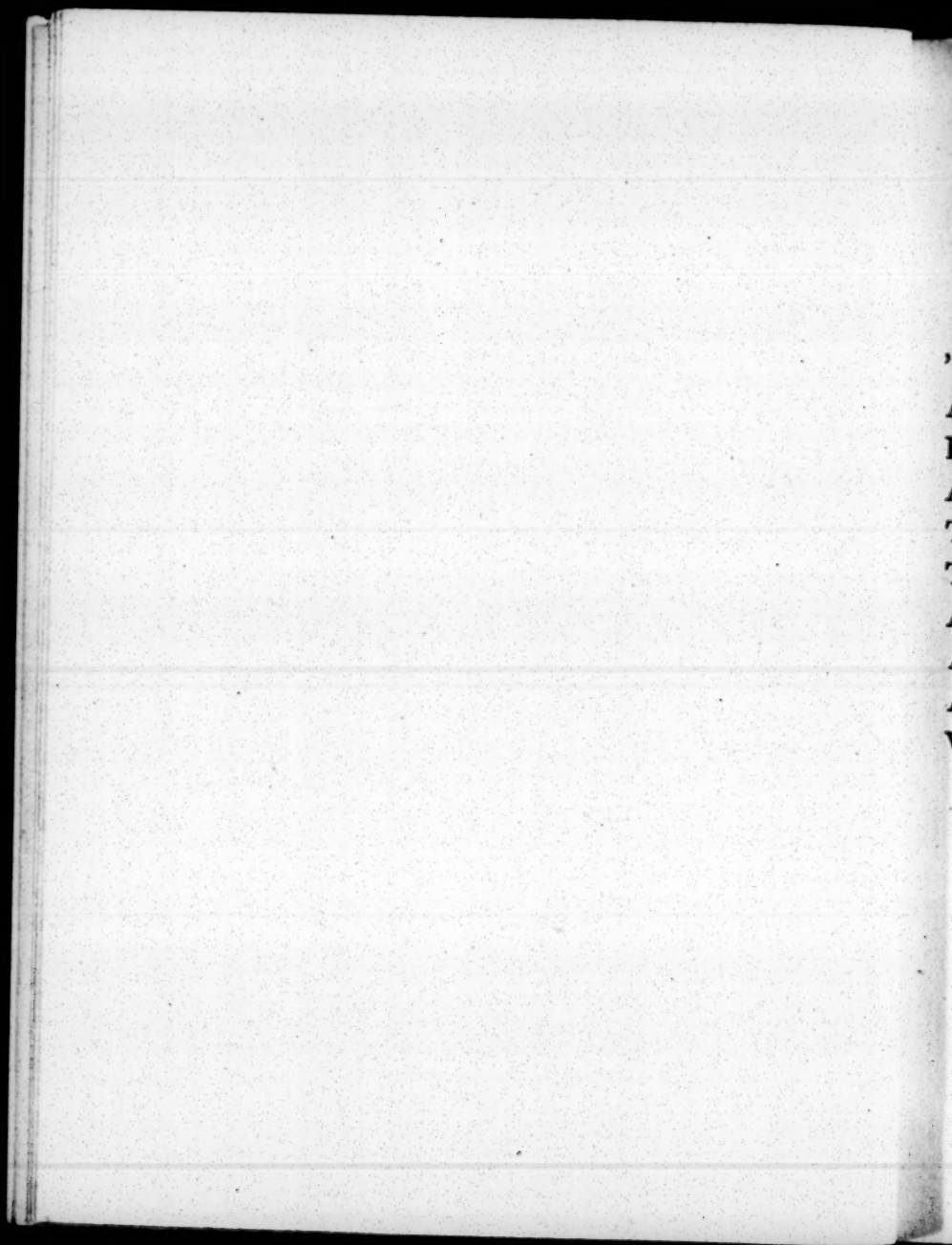
BY THEIR

MOST OBEDIENT,

AND

VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



SONG, IN HONOR OF THE NOBLE ART
AND MYSTERY OF PRINTING.

RECITATIVE.

'Twas when great Jove the works of man survey'd,
And each Improvement at his feet were laid,
PRINTING's immortal pow'rs refulgent shone,
And stood unrival'd near the glitt'ring throne:—
The God decreed, obedience shou'd be paid
To this mysterious Art, since to its aid
All others owe their greatness, owe their fame,
And e'en RELIGION hails its sacred name!—
APOLLO then rose up, and tun'd his lays,
While the blest Choir united in its praise.—

AIR—TUNE, RULE BRITANNIA.

THY influence Men and Gods must own,
But Freedom's Sons shall prize thee most;
And, since thy mighty powers are known,
This e'er shall be our fav'rite boast—

CHORUS—*While Britannia rules the sea,
Our Art shall guard her Liberty.*

What streams of Knowledge from thee flow,
Whose empire's vast as Heaven's domain—
'Tis thine to tell the tale of woe,
Or cheer the mind in joyful strain !

While Britannia, &c.

Thy blessings spread from Pole to Pole,
And reach from earth to happier skies ;
Thou canst illumine the darken'd soul,
And bid new hopes superior rise !

While Britannia, &c.

The rude Barbarian too shall join,
And haply own thy potent sway ;
Who now peruse the page divine,
And all its glorious laws obey !

While Britannia, &c.

See humble Genius lift her head,
And grateful with our Art succeeds ;
Freedom her God-like banners spread,
And twines her Laurel round the Press !

While Britannia, &c.

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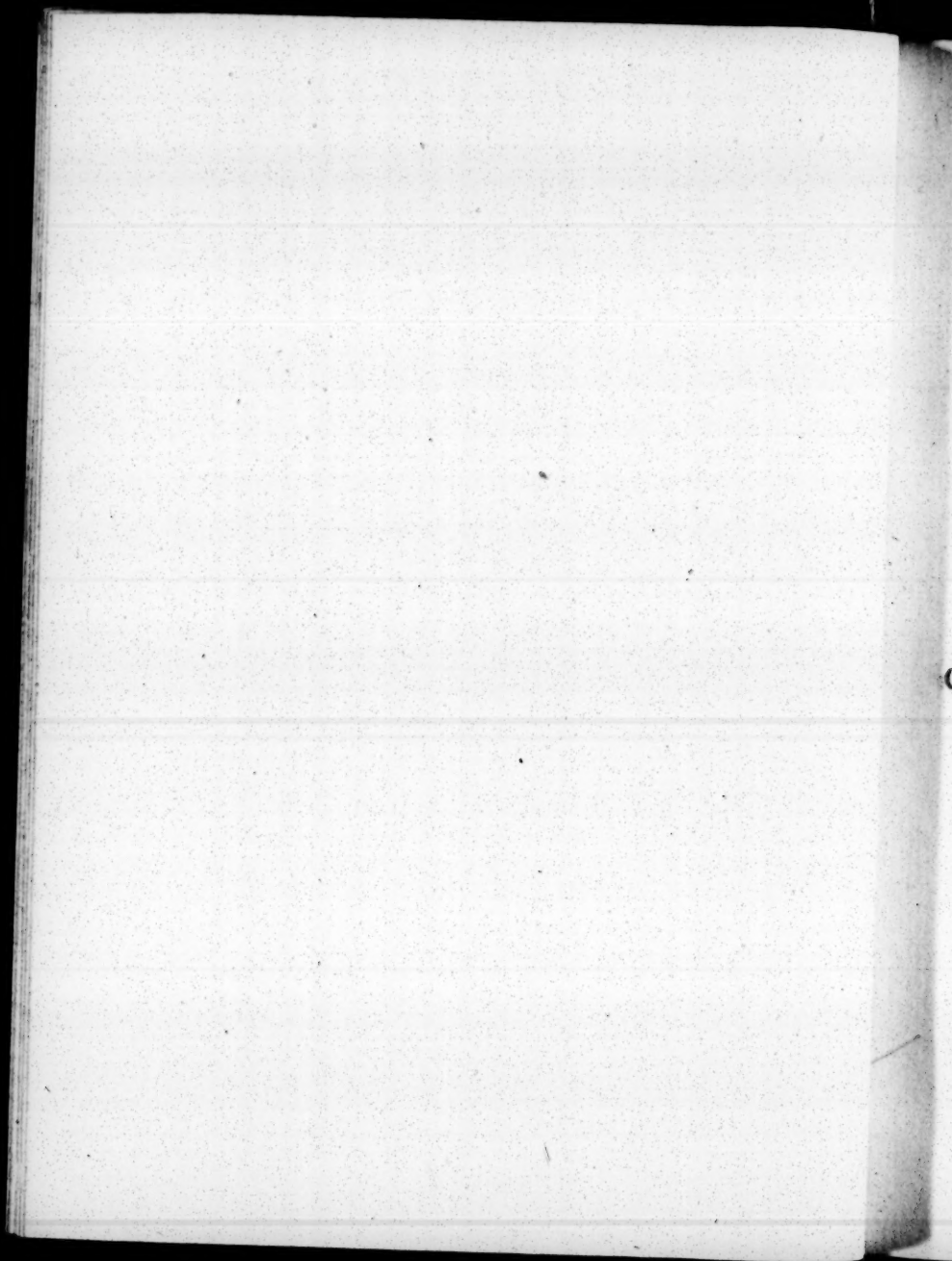
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ORIGINAL SONGS.

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

TUNE—"RULE BRITANNIA."

SWEET Music's aid we haply share,
To charm the ills of wayward Life,—
To smoothe the ruffled brow of care,
And cheer—when all within is strife.

CHORUS—*Harmonia's sons, your hearts and voices raise,
And join, ye pow'rs, in Music's praise.*

The call melodious we obey,
And fain would sing its pow'rs divine:—
Hark! 'tis APOLLO joins the lay,
Responsive shout the sacred Nine!

Harmonia's sons, &c.

A

'Tis

'Tis thou canst madd'ning rage disarm,
 And free the mind from base alloys;
 And, when distressing fears alarm,
 'Wake in the soul celestial joys.

Harmonia's sons, &c.

ORPHEUS fam'd as Poets tell,
 (So wond'rous were the magic strains;)
 Whose pow'rs, transpor tive, fled thro' Hell,
 And sooth'd awhile its endless pains.

Harmonia's sons, &c.

While Earth and Hell its charms admire—
 (All praise to Music does belong)
 Angels seraphic strike the lyre,
 And join the universal song.

Harmonia's sons, &c.

May jarring discord ever cease,
 And all our lives harmonious prove;
 'Till, in the happier realms of peace,
 We "taste what Angels do above."

Harmonia's sons, &c.

A WORD

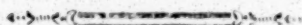
A WORD TO THE FAIR.

TUNE—"THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL."

AH! why did CHLOE smile,
 Her STREPHON to deceive;
 A youth devoid of guile,
 Taught only to believe:
 Why shone her eyes so bright,
 Why was her form so fair?
 To kindle love's delight,
 Yet leave me in despair!

In early, happiest years,
 Ere manhood me had grac'd,
 My joy, my hopes and fears,
 Were on dear CHLOE plac'd;
 And as increas'd my days,
 I thought the nymph divine;
 I artless sung her praise,
 And fondly wish'd her mine.

What's Beauty but a flow'r
 To please the gazing eye ;
 It boasts the passing hour,
 But soon will fade and die ;
 Then learn, ye lovely Fair,
 Bright Virtue's gem to prize ;
 Countless its beauties are,
 And bloom beyond the Skies.



THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

TUNE—" 'T WAS IN THE GOOD SHIP ROVER."

THE Sailors of our nation,
 Their glory we record ;
 But sure the Soldier's station
 Alike deserves regard :—
 Alert when duty calls him,
 He seeks not vain applause ;
 Whatever fate befall him,
 He fights his country's cause.

The

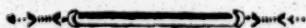
The martial trumpet sounding,
 The colours see display'd ;
 His faithful heart rebounding
 To leave his fav'rite Maid :—
 Yet courage doth not fail him,
 Tho' dangers now abound,
 Should sultry furs assail him,
 Or chilling frosts surround.

In hostile preparation
 The countless Foe appears,
 Yet Hope's sweet consolation
 His glowing bosom cheers :
 With fury unrelenting,
 See Foe with Foe engage ;
 What horrors now presenting,
 Amid the battle's rage !

The Day, tho' hard contended,
 At last is bravely won ;
 See Vict'ry's arms extended
 To hail her fav'rite son :—

Surrounding woes oppress him,
 He checks the starting tear,—
 And piteous tales distress him,
 Nor can the Laurel cheer.

When Peace again is smiling,
 And War is heard no more,
 Ye who, life's cares beguiling,
 Are blest with Plenty's store,—
 O kindly then regard him,
 So faithful, brave, and true ;
 And gratefully reward him,
 Who fought and bled for you.



THE SWEET SOCIAL HOUR.

TUNE—"ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK."

THE fav'rites of Fortune their treasures may boast,
 And may tempt us to bow at their shrine ;
 The gay, thoughtless Lover his Mistress will toast,
 And, transported, believes her divine :—

DIANA

DIANA, she points to the joys of the field,
 And offers a scene of delight;
 But all, say the vot'ries of BACCHUS, must yield,
 When the charms of the bottle invite.

Yet Pleasures, when vary'd, appear like a dream,
 Tho' her traits are so often espy'd;—
 But sons of true mirth, ye may drink of the stream,
 If fair Virtue—if Reason preside.

How few are the minds in this mortal estate,
 Who are blest with Content's happy store!—
 Good Friends too I've known when was humble their
 fate,
 But, exalted, they knew me no more!

The beauty of Women I feel with a glow,
 And of Love I have tasted its pow'r;
 Yet, amid the enjoyments I wish for below,
 Gods, give me but the Sweet Social Hour!

CELADON

CELADON AND AMELIA, (*From Thompson*).

TUNE—"MARY'S DREAM."

WHEN Phœbus with enlivening ray,
 Bespangled o'er the cheerful green,
 And scarce was heard the passing breeze,
 While Nature's beauties deck'd the scene—
 Young CELADON, of graceful form,
 The pride of ev'ry jocund swain,
 And fair AMELIA, peerless maid,
 Belov'd by all the rural train ;—

Whose lives were pass'd in mutual bliss,
 And glided like a placid stream,—
 In sweetest converse forth they stray'd,
 And love was still the fav'rite theme :
 When, lo ! the tempest gathers round,
 And whistling winds portend a storm—
 Unmov'd the youth each danger views,
 AMELIA feels a new alarm.

In

In strain persuasive and divine,
 He strove her drooping mind to cheer;—
 But dire dismay her bosom fill'd,
 Bedews her cheek with many a tear :—
 The howling storm tremendous grows,
 And awful, murm'ring thunders roll;
 In quick succession lightnings flash,
 And terrors spread from Pole to Pole !

Her soul now struggling—mighty tears
 O'erwhelmed the beauteous, dying Maid :
 When, lo !—'twas righteous Heaven's decree—
 She at his feet a corse was laid !——
 The Lover now, absorb'd in woe,
 Nor aught can give his mind relief :—
 He silent stands, for ever sad,
 A prey to unavailing grief !



WAR; OR, SUCCESS TO THE FLEET.

Written during the late Naval Preparations.

TUNE—"POOR JACK."

WHAT cheer, my sweet POLL?—have you heard
of the news,

That's broach'd, about insolent Spain?—
Forgetful of drubbings, she dares now refuse
To acknowledge us Lords of the Main:
At Nootka, or some such a place, it is said,
She seiz'd on our brave Hearts of Oak;
'Tis a wonder to me she was'nt afraid
Our vengeance, first-rate, to provoke:—
So then we prepar'd, and our cause it is good,
That's like having both wind and tide—
And PROVIDENCE surely, who rules o'er the flood,
Will fight for—and be on our side.

The world we've engag'd, and been conqu'rors too,
As you, my dear POLL, may well know;—
Yet Britons, so bravely good-natured and true,
Are unwilling to give the first blow;

A broadside receiving—O then is the time
 With courage, with ardour we glow ;
 Fire away is the word !—quick, Boys, load and prime,
 And lay close along-side the Foe ;—
 Tho' terrors unnumber'd surround the stain'd deck,
 And Comrades, regretted, may fall ;
 Yet PROVIDENCE surely shall save me from wreck,
 And bless me again with my POLL !

Avast to this lingo !—come hand us the stuff,
 Who knows when again we shall meet ?
 Of dangers, and such like, we've gossip'd enough,—
 So then here's a Health to the Fleet :—
 Give HOWE in a bumper, and brave BARRINGTON,
 HOOD too we will jovially toast,—
 With the gallant young DUKE, our gracious King's
 Son,—

Of Tars such as these we will boast :
 Success to the VALIANT !—come, fill up the bowl—
 May all who deserve it have praise !—
 But were we to drink to and name each brave soul,
 We should swig 'till the end of our days !

PEACE ;

PEACE; OR, THE SEQUEL.

TUNE—THE SAME.

THE flag now is struck, and the breeze is quite o'er,
 The Dons dare not Britons oppose :—
 So JACK must again taste the pleasures of shore,
 While the gale of sweet Peace mildly blows.
 What, though a rude Tar can delight on the waves,
 And feariefs engages the Foe ;
 He conquers—but far more exulting he saves,
 'Tis the first of enjoyments we know :—
 No Lubber or Milkop, as oft I have shewn,
 Nor Danger my soul e'er alarms,
 Yet surely a Sailor he need not disown
 That Peace and his POLL have their charms.

Our nation's skill'd pilot, young PITT is his name,
 No doubt is Old England's good friend :
 I have heard our brave Captain oft mention his fame,
 Which, he said, did all others transcend.—

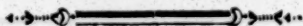
But,

But, avast to this logic!—can hand, reef, and steer,
 And alert to the top I can go;
 Nor murmur, or think that my lot is severe,
 Tho' stationed above or below:—
 My Duty—my King—and my lov'd Country's cause
 Are my glory, my pride, and my boast;
 I'll fight for Religion, our Commerce, and Laws,
 While my POLL in a bumper I toast.

I once sail'd with RODNEY—off Gibraltar's Bay,
 We humbled the pride of the Dons;
 'Twas night—nor the Moon lent a glimpse of her ray,
 So we fought by the light of our guns:
 We attack'd them like lions—unheeded around
 Grim Death, clad with horrors, appear'd;—
 But soon British hearts, 'mid the cannon's dire sound,
 The loud hails of Victory cheer'd;
 Yet when, all on fire, I perceiv'd from the deck
 A vessel, quite laden with woes,
 My courage—my mind—nay my soul was a wreck—
 I felt—and forgot 'twas my foes!—

Then

Then Peace sure's a blessing—yet had you but seen
 The Fleet, all at anchor so gay,
 You'd say, Still Britannia's the Ocean's Fair Queen,
 And the World shall her orders obey :—
 We waited the signal—but he who rules all,
 That PROVIDENCE good and so kind,
 Knows better than we—so let storms befall
 Poor JACK—why contented's his mind.
 Come then here's a Health to the Healers of Strife,
 And a toast I will give while I've breath—
 May we ever be ready thro' actions of life,
 And be ready when grappled by Death!



THE SOLDIER.

TUNE, 'I SING THE BRITISH SEAMAN'S PRAISE

HOW oft is tun'd the polish'd lays
 With true, poetic spirit,
 And sung is British Seaman's praise,
 Their courage and their merit ;—

But shall the youth, whom valour fires,
 His virtues be neglected?—
 While he to glorious Fame aspires,
 O think!—you are protected!

CHORUS—*For surely they deserve reward,
 And merit consolation;
 Then Britons view with kind regard,
 The Soldier's honor'd station.*

Altho' to better fortune born,
 Alas! he's unprovided;
 Of friends behold him now the scorn,
 Each hapless want derided!—
 The merry fife and drum are heard.
 He leaves each native charmer;
 And as he views the glitt'ring sword,
 His resolution's warmer.

For surely, &c.

He marches thro' the tedious day,
 Reflections now oppress him:—
 He sighs—but onward makes his way;
 While anxious cares distress him:—

Should haggard Famine threaten round,
 He cheerful takes his duty,—
 Unmov'd, tho' terrors now abound,—
 And toasts his fav'rite beauty.—*For surely, &c.*

See on the plain, in dire array,
 The dauntless Foe appearing !—
 While Hope, with kind, seraphic ray,
 His conscious bosom cheering :—
 The fight's begun with vengeful ire,
 Yet he the shock enduring ;
 Now wing'd with death, see smoke and fire
 The blushing day obscuring !—*For surely, &c.*

The humble Muse attempts in vain
 To sing each toil and danger ;
 Inur'd to hardships, care, and pain,
 Yet still to fear's a stranger :—
 When Peace illumines fair Albion's shore,
 While comforts you inherit,
 Should he your bounty then implore,
 Relieve his suffering merit !—*For surely, &c.*

A PARODY

A PARODY

ON THE "GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS."

*Written in April, 1790.**

OH, what a deal of fuss is made about the Golden
Days of yore,

And discontented, murm'ring souls lament because they
are no more!

Whate'er the Times were then, altho' I neither know
or care,

Yet 'tis my fixt opinion no Times with these cou'd e'er
compare.

O the Golden Days of good King GEORGE,

Posterity shall bless the reign of good King GEORGE.

In strain of panegyric we're told the drefs of ancient
beaux,

Their Jerkins and their Doublets, besides their yellow
worsted hose;

* This Song was first published in London, and may be had,
set to Music, at any of the Shops.

But I prefer the present mode—and, like a married fellow,

D—— me but I much dislike the stockings that are yellow.

O the Golden Days, &c.

The Ladies then, so delicate, would eat beef-steaks for break-fast,

And most bewitching ruffs they wore tied round their pretty necks fast ;

No doubt for their jerkin'd Swains but they did very well, Sir,

Yet—drest or undrest—rough or smooth—give me a modern Belle, Sir !

O the Golden Days, &c.

'Twas then honest men liv'd by mill and the plough, Sir,

Poor hard-working souls !—by the sweat of their brow, Sir ;

But surely some Moderns these Ancients excel, Sir, *Sans* trade or estate—yet they live very well, Sir.

O the Golden Days, &c.

Our

Our courage too, I think, not many years ago was
shewn,

And Britons fought the world in arms, and bravely
conquer'd tho' alone ;

When great and glorious acts were done, too num'rous
to relate, Sir,

And many a gallant, dying soul deserv'd a better
fate, Sir !

O the Golden Days, &c.

Are there not many good wise men in Parliament that
fit, Sir ?

And where was e'er a Minister more popular than
PITT, Sir ?

The Church is well supported, this is an undoubted
fact,

As lately wa sevinc'd by the Test and Corporation Act.

O the Golden Days, &c.

Our envy'd glory far extends, while we are blest with
Plenty's store,

Triumphant British Canvas flies from Eastern to the
Western Shore ;

At Peace with all the world, and smiling Peace at
home, Sir,

Do not these days of our's eclipse the Golden Age of
Rome, Sir ?

O the Golden Days, &c.

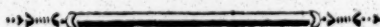
This counsel then I'd give, nor wou'd myself the
same despise,

Forgetting what is past, may we the present moments
prize ;

Long Life to our gracious King—good wishes for the
nation,

And may the great, in Church and State, seek heart-
felt approbation. !

O the Golden Days, &c.



A P A R O D Y

ON " EVERY INCH A SAILOR."

SHOU'D " winds blow hard, or seas run high,"

Or " dingy clouds obscure the sky ;"

'Mid wayward life's tempestuous gale,

A cheerful thought I will inhale :—

A wedded life's the life for me,
 I'll live and love so merrily ;
 Nor thoughtless rove from flow'r to flow'r,
 Inconstant as the passing hour,
 But spurn at folly's transient joys,
 And pleasure taste which never cloy's.

The first command to man was giv'n
 (The blisful mandate came from Heav'n,)
 'Twas to increafe and multiply.—
 Who can the pleasing truth deny ?

A wedded life's, &c.

Tho' Libertines at us may rail,
 And thoughts of horns the mind assail,
 Yet I'll advise—your spirits cheer—
 Be kind at home, and never fear.

A wedded life's, &c.

Then push the social toast around,
 May ever wedded joys abound !
 Kind Fortune bless affection's choice,
 And all accord, with heart and voice,

A wedded life's, &c.

JESSE.

TUNE—"THOU SOFT FLOWING AVON."

I BOAST not the smiles that adorn JESSE's face,
 Where, fondly enraptur'd new beauties I trace ;—
 Her bosom, that surely a Stoic can warm,
 Or her tongue's magic pow'rs that resistless can charm,
 Far dearer to me are the charms of her mind,—
 'Tis Virtue, like fetters, my senses can bind ;—
 All earthly perfections in JESSE unite,
 I gaze—and am lost in extatic delight !

In yonder lone cottage, where Sickness and Care,
 Where Wretchedness triumph'd, and courted Despair,
 I stole unperceiv'd—and beheld the dear Maid,
 In CHARITY's garments celestial array'd.

The Victims of Sorrow but spoke with their eyes,—
 The Tear, from my JESSE, most kindly replies :—
 To warm adoration was heighten'd my love ;
 I thought her a Goddess, and sent from above !

Thus far ORIGINAL SONGS.

SELECT



SELECT SONGS,

BY CELEBRATED WRITERS.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.*

By Mr. DIBDIN.

THE wind blew hard—the sea run high—
The dinky scud drove 'cross the sky ;—
All was safe stow'd, the bowl was slung,
When careless thus NED HAWLYARD sung :

A Sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily ;
If winds can whistle, he can sing,
Still faithful to his Friend and King :—
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his Girl—and drinks his flip.

Down

* For a New Parody, see Original Songs, p. 20.

Down top-fails, boys, the gale comes on,—
To strike top-gallant yards they run ;—
And now to hand the sail prepar'd,
NED cheerful sings upon the yard :

A Sailor's life, &c.

A leak !—a leak !—come, lads, be bold,—
There's five feet water in the hold ;—
Eager on deck, see HAWLYARD jump,
And hark !—while working at the pump :

A Sailor's life, &c.

But, see !—the vessel nought can save,—
She strikes—and finds a wat'ry grave !—
Yet NED, preserv'd with a few more,
Sings, as he treads a foreign shore :

A Sailor's life, &c.

But now—unnumber'd perils past—
By land, as well as sea—at last,
In tatters to his POLL and Home,
See honest HAWLYARD singing come :

A Sailor's life, &c.

Yet

Yet to poor HAWLYARD what disgrace,
 POLL swears she never saw his face ;
 He scorns her for a faithless she,
 And singing goes again to sea :
 A Sailor's life, &c.



THE HUMBLE BEE.

By a FRIEND.

O'ER flow'rs I range, and taste each sweet,
 That in rich cowslips dwell ;
 While Phœbus smiles with glowing heat,
 I haste thro' vale and dele :
 A humble, busy Bee am I,
 That fragrance sips where'er I fly.

Oft in the damask rose I rest,
 To ease my weary'd wings ;
 And vi'lets too by me are prest,
 While sweet the blackbird sings :
 A busy, humble Bee am I,
 That lives on dear variety.

How pleasing is that bed of thyme,
 That grateful scents the air !
 But yon white lily's ripen'd prime
 Is now my fav'rite care :
 A busy, humble Bee am I,
 That sweets select where'er I fly.

At last return'd unto my cell,
 With all my honey'd store ;
 My partner, humming, greets me well,
 While I my toils count o'er :
 And tho' a busy Bee I roam,
 Still happiness I find at home.



LOVELY BETT.

FAREWELL, my sweet BETT!—aboard I must go !
 Then cast away all these signals of woe ;
 One kiss give me before we part,
 'Twill brace the main-sail of my heart ;—
 And as the ship scuds 'fore the wind,
 I'll ever bear thee in my mind,
 And sigh for lovely BETT.

No shoals do we fear, nor quicksands we dread,
 The currents we mark, whilst heaving the lead ;
 Nor rocks or storms can us affright,
 We reef, belay, and set all right :—
 And while we gaily scud along,
 I'll drink my flip, and join the song,
 Yet think of lovely BETT.

And when our port we at last see in view,
 Then joy, fore and aft, enlivens the crew ;
 Unladen soon for home we're bound,
 The flowing can goes briskly round ;
 'Tis then we whistle for the breeze
 To waft us quicker thro' the seas,
 And bring me home to BETT.

When first we joyful ken our native land,
 Our ship-mates we hail with shake of the hand :—
 When landed on the British shore,
 Our ills are past—our cares are o'er ;
 No joys to ours can equal prove,
 We meet return of constant love,—
 I'm blest with lovely BETT.

J E M M Y F A R A W A Y .

NOW the boat but waits for me,
 Be my NANCY ever true ;
 I'll be ever so to thee,—
 One embrace, and then adieu !—
 Both at eve and morning grey,
 Think of JEMMY far away.

When at night you trembling hear,
 Roaring winds, with hollow sound,
 Think—O think of me, my dear,
 And the ills that me surround !—
 And at eve and morning grey,
 Sigh for JEMMY far away.

If the vessel floats a wreck,
 Hope still paints thee to my view ;
 And, tho' seas wash o'er the deck,
 Dauntless still I think of you :—
 Then at eve and morning grey,
 Sigh for JEMMY far away,

Winds

Winds and storms may all subside,
 Whisp'ring peace to Neptune's Main :
 Dangers too I may deride,
 When safe moor'd with you again :—
 Then at eve and morning grey,
 Love shall haste each hour away.



EDWIN AND MYRA.

WHERE flows sweet Avon's silver stream,
 Whose banks are deck'd with flowrets gay,
 There EDWIN made soft love his theme,
 While MYRA listen'd to his lay :
 His dulcet pipe then fill'd the vale,
 And hills and floods return'd the sound ;
 Gay transport wing'd each spicy gale,
 And MYRA's wreath her EDWIN crown'd.
 The day was fix'd—the hour was near—
 When EDWIN's bosom throb'd with joy ;
 But MYRA felt a timid fear,
 That rising rapture did destroy :—

Whilst MYRA waited for her love,
 The gloomy eve portended rain ;
 Fierce whirlwinds whistled thro' the grove,
 And lightnings stream'd across the plain !

But EDWIN's soul, contemning fear,
 For love, wou'd storms and thunders brave—
 Ye maidens drop for him a tear,
 Too soon consign'd unto a grave !——
 The torrent bore his body far,
 It down the stream did rapid glide—
 Thus adverse Fortune fore did mar
 The joys of EDWIN's hapless bride !

Poor MYRA rose at dawn of day,
 No rest had sooth'd her anxious heart—
 But horrid dreams, with dread dismay,
 Did terror to her soul impart !—
 Incautious Swains the story told,—
 She fainting sunk upon the plain ;—
 “ What !—dead and gone ?—my EDWIN cold ? ”—
 Then, shrieking, burst her heart in twain !

ILL-FATED

ILL-FATED JOCKEY.

O CRUEL Maid!—whose flinty heart,
 No sighs can melt, or sorrows move!
 'Tis death to stay—'tis worse to part—
 Take from me, Fate, my life or love!—
O PEGGY!—why deceiving smile,
 When first I proffer'd thee my love?—
 For then I thought thee free from guile,
 And artless as the turtle-dove!
 Thus JOCKEY mourn'd by winding TAY,
 Whose stream re-echo'd back his sighs:
 His lambkins now unheeded stray,
 No more their gambols please his eyes!—
 He threw him listless on the plain,
 And sung, forlorn, the hours away;
 While madness ran thro' ev'ry vein,
 And wild despair attun'd the lay!
 By sorrows worn, his fading form
 Evinc'd his woes were near their close;
 He smiling said—"Here ends life's storm—
 "I in the grave shall find repose!"—

To hopeless love thus dy'd a slave—
 A worthy youth, of heart sincere ;
 And nymphs and swains will on his grave,
 Swear to be true, and drop a tear !



LOVELY WOMAN.

LET witlings laugh at love's soft pow'r,
 Denying what they cannot feel ;
 Can beings who themselves adore,
 The traits of fervent love reveal ?
 By nature curst with callous hearts,
 On Folly's stream they gaily float,
 And simp'ring speak of flames and darts,
 As chatt'ring parrots talk by rote.

O lovely sex !—Heaven's kindest boon—
 To smoothe the rugged paths of life !
 In Eden, ADAM, when alone,
 Sigh'd for a helpmate—for a wife :

E'en there, unblest without a mate,
 His hours like ages did appear ;—
 E'en there, repin'd at fullen Fate,
 'Till Woman came his soul to cheer.

ROME boasts a PORCIA's noble name—
 A name to Patriot BRUTUS dear—
 And ALBION glows at CHARLOTTE's fame—
 A fame that virtue must revere.
 If gladness cheers the husband's eye,
 It instant warms his partner's soul ;
 If sorrow urges forth the sigh,
 Adown her cheek the tears will roll !

Let me but taste those joys divine,
 To meli'rate my passage here ;
 Let me but call dear LAURA mine,
 And then I'll banish ev'ry care.
 Her manners, gentle as the dove,
 Or softer than the vernal breeze,
 Wou'd make my cot the seat of love,
 Of sweet content and blissful ease.

THE FEARLESS TAR.

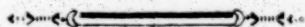
WHEN from my FANNY forc'd to part,
 And plough the bosom of the deep,
 What keen sensations rend my heart,
 As I behold my Fair-one weep ;
 E'en then I'll say, her soul to cheer,
 Your lad will love, and that sincere.

When gloomy dangers strike the eye,
 And hollow winds at distance roar ;
 When raging billows brave the sky,
 Or dash their vengeance on the shore ;
 E'en then the sigh denotes not fear,
 'Tis only heav'd for you, my dear.

When to the long-boat we repair,
 And, water-logg'd, our vessel leave ;
 When no kind star, thro' darken'd air,
 Can our distressful state relieve ;—
 Tho' death, with horror, then appears,
 I sigh, to think of FANNY's tears !

Then

Then let but Fortune once more smile,
 And from thy bosom chace all pain;
 When love shall crown my ev'ry toil,
 And you your Sailor clasp again;—
 I'll kiss away the joyful tear,
 That shews your love for me sincere !



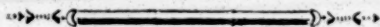
THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

THE day was departed, and forth from a cloud
 The Moon in her beauty appears ;
 The voice of the Nightingale warbles aloud,
 The music of love in our ears :
 MARIA appears—now the season, so sweet,
 With the beat of the heart is in tune ;
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet,
 Alone by the light of the Moon.
 I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel,
 I sigh—can a lover do more ?—
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er :

MARIA,

MARIA, my love, do you long for the grove ?
 Do you sigh for an interview soon ?—
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,
 Alone by the light of the Moon ?

Her name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
 My bosom is all in a glow ;
 Her voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
 My heart thrills—mine eyes overflow !—
 Ye Powers of the Sky, will your bounty divine,
 Indulge a fond lover his boon ?—
 Shall heart spring to heart, and MARIA be mine,
 Alone by the light of the Moon !



POLL AND MY PARTNER JOE.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

I WAS, d'ye see, a Waterman,
 As tight and spruce as any,
 'Twixt RICHMOND Town and HORSLEY Down,
 I turn'd an honest penny :

No

None cou'd of Fortune's favours brag,
 More than cou'd lucky I,
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
 And a grunter in my stye;
 With wherry tight, and bosom light,
 I cheerfully did row,
 And to compleat this princely life,
 Sure never man had Friend and Wife
 Like my POLL and my Partner JOE.
 I roll'd in joys like these awhile,
 Folks far and near carest me,
 'Till, woe is me, so lubberly,
 The Vermin came and prest me :
 How cou'd I all these pleasures leave,
 How with my wherry part?
 I never so took on to grieve,
 It wrung my very heart ;—
 But when on board, they gave the word,
 To foreign parts to go,
 I ru'd the moment I was born,
 That ever I shou'd thus be torn
 From my POLL and my Partner JOE.

I did my duty manfully,
 While o'er the billows rolling,
 And, night or day, cou'd find my way,
 Blindfold, to the main-top-bowling :
 Thus all the dangers of the main,
 Quicksands, and gales of wind,
 I brav'd—in hopes to taste again
 'The joys I left behind :
 In climes afar, the hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the Foe,—
 In hopes these perils to relate
 As by my fide attentive sat,
 Both my POLL and my Partner JOE.

At last it pleas'd his MAJESTY
 To grant peace to the nation,
 And honest hearts, from foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation :—
 Like lightning (for I felt new life,
 Now safe from war's alarms)
 I rush'd—and found my Friend and Wife
 Lock'd in each other's arms ;

But,

But fancy not, I bore my lot,
Tame, like a Lubber—No!
For seeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump to the D—L I boldly kick'd,
Both my POLL and my Partner JOE!



SONGS IN THE FARMER.

AIR—VALENTINE.

CHARMING Village Maid,

If thou wilt be mine,
In gold and pearls array'd,
All my wealth is thine;
For gold is dross to me,
E'en Nature's beauties fade,
If not enjoy'd with thee.
My charming Village-Maid.

This morn at early dawn,
I had a hedge-rose wild,
Its sweets perfum'd the lawn,
'Twas sportive Nature's child!

I did my duty manfully,
 While o'er the billows rolling,
 And, night or day, cou'd find my way,
 Blindfold, to the main-top-bowling :
 Thus all the dangers of the main,
 Quickfands, and gales of wind,
 I brav'd—in hopes to taste again
 The joys I left behind :
 In climes afar, the hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the Foe,—
 In hopes these perils to relate
 As by my side attentive sat,
 Both my POLL and my Partner JOE.

At last it pleas'd his MAJESTY
 To grant peace to the nation,
 And honest hearts, from foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation :—
 Like lightning (for I felt new life,
 Now safe from war's alarms)
 I rush'd—and found my Friend and Wife
 Lock'd in each other's arms ;

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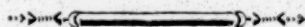
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 In gold and pearls array'd,
 All my wealth is thine ;
 For gold is dross to me,
 E'en Nature's beauties fade,
 If not enjoy'd with thee.
 My charming Village-Maid.

This morn at early dawn,
 I had a hedge-rose wild,
 Its sweets perfum'd the lawn,
 'Twas sportive Nature's child !

To grace my gay parterre,
 Transplanted from the glade,
 Sweet emblem of my fair,
 My charming Village-Maid!



AIR* ——— FARMER.

ERE around the huge oak that o'ershadow'd yon mill
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;
 Or the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
 Or the rook built his nest in the pine.
 Cou'd I trace back the time, a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
 And the farm I now hold on your Honour's estate,
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.
 He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unsullied descended to me;
 For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

AIR

* For a New and Original Song to this Tune, see p. 6.

AIR — VALENTINE.

NO more I'll court the Town-bred Fair,
 Who shines in artificial beauty;
 For native charms without compare
 Claim all my love, respect, and duty.
 O my bonny BETT, sweet blossom!
 Was I a King so proud to wear thee,
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
 To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.
 O my bonny bonny BETT!

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common,
 Ye Gods! one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely Woman!
 O my bonny BETT, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
 Like thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing;
 My Heaven art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing!
 O my bonny BETT, &c.

A I R—VALENTINE.

HOW bright are the joys of the table

I mean, when the cloth is remov'd !

Our hearts are fast held by a cable,

While round the decanter is shov'd.

The Ladies all rise to retire,

We stand up and look very grave ;

A BUMPER, then draw round the fire,

Determin'd like Souls to behave.

My servant, he knows I'm a toper ;

“ Clean Glasses,—of Wine a recruit !”

He brings in a fix bottle cooper,

And places it close at my foot.

I gingerly take up a bottle,

The saw-dust I puff from his coat ;

The cork out, he sings in his throttle,

But sweeter than MARRAS his note !

“ What Gentleman coffee now chooses ?”

The compliment comes from the Fair :

No Gentleman coffee refuses,

But not a man stirs from his chair.

Though Frenchmen may do so, I bar it,
 With British politeness I think:
 While Monsieur we thank for his claret,
 He never shall teach us to drink.

Gay HEBE now shews in APOLLO
 A struggle 'twixt Claret and Wit;
 For BACCHUS insists he shall swallow
 Six bumpers before he may sit.
 Ye Fair, why so ill should we treat you,
 To part, ere the bottle is won?—
 At supper APOLLO shall meet you,
 And shew you what BACCHUS has done.

AIR—BETTY BLACKBERRY.

TO hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet,
 This morning I put on my bonnet,
 But scarce in the meadow, pies on it!
 When the Captain appear'd in my view;
 I felt an odd sort of sensation,
 My heart beat in strange palpitation,
 I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
 When says he, My dear, how d'ye do?

The dickins, says I, here has popp'd him,
 I thought to slip by, but I stopp'd him,
 So my very best curtsy I dropp'd him ;

With an air then he took off his hat :—
 He seem'd with my person enchanted,
 He squeez'd my hand—how my heart panted!
 He ask'd for a kifs, and I granted,

And pray now what harm was in that ?

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me ?—
 He swore a fine Lady he'd make me,
 No, demn him ! he'd never forsake me,

And then on his knee he stoop'd down ;
 His handkerchief, la ! smelt so sweetly,
 His white teeth he shew'd so compleatly,
 He manag'd the matter so neatly,

That I ne'er can be kifs'd by a clown.



A I R—JEMMY JUMPS.

LOOK'YE, dear Ma'am, I'm quite the thing,

Nattibus hey! tippity ho!

On my shoe I wear a string,

Tied in a black bow,—o.

Cards and dice! I've monstrous luck;

I'm no drake, yet keep a duck,

Tho' not married, yet I'm a Buck,

Lantherum swash, kee-vi.

Sometimes mount a smart cockade,

Puppydum hey, struttledum, ho!

From Hyde-Park to the Parade,

Cocky my cary kee.

As I pass a centry-box,

Soldiers rest their bright firelocks,

Rattledum flap to me!

Rotten Row my Sunday-ride,

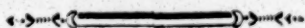
Trottledum hey, tumble off, ho!

Poney eighteen-pence a fide,

Windgall, glandarum, ho!

Cricket,

Cricket, I fam'd Lumpey nick,
 Daddles smouch, MENDOZA lick :
 Up to—ah ! I'm just the kick,
 Allemande cap'rum toe !



A I R——MOLLY MAYBUSH.

MY daddy O, was very good,
 To make me fine he spar'd no pelf,
 And scrape up money, all he cou'd,
 He'd give it to my bonny self.

My handsome cap from Dover came,
 Some thought from France, so gay to see,
 Tho' sigh'd for by each maid and dame,
 'Twas not my cap was dear to me.

Blythe JOHNNY O, upon his mare,
 Adown the dell his horn rang sweet,
 To me presented pufs the hare,
 That o'er the wild thyme ran so fleet.

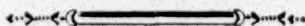
The

Tho' NED a nosegay for my breast
Had brought, no flow'r more sweet than he,
And warbling WILL a Linnet's nest,
Nor flow'rs, nor birds were dear to me.

So softly on to yonder grove;
The Moon so kind the while did blink,
I stole to meet my own true-love,
Yet on false love I fell to think.

The rustling leaves increase my fears,
A footstep falls—who can it be?

O joy! my JEMMY now appears,
And he alone was dear to me.



AIR. — JEMMY.

GAD-a-mercy!—Devil's in me,
All the damsels wish to win me:
Like a May-pole round me clutter,
Hanging garlands—fufs and flutter!—
Lilting, cap'ring, grinning, smirking,
Pouting, bobbing, winning, jerking—

KATES

KATES and BETTIES,

POLLS and LETTIES,

All were doating, gentle creatures,

On those features. ———

To their aprons all wou'd pin me,

Gad-a-mercy !—Devil's in me !—

All the damsels wish to win me !

Pretty damsels, ugly damsels ;

Black-hair'd damsels, red-hair'd damsels ;

Six-feet damsels, three-feet damsels ;

Pale-fac'd damsels, plump-fac'd damsels ;

Small leg'd damsels, thick-leg'd damsels ;

Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd, six-feet, three-
feet ;

Pale-fac'd, plump-fac'd, small-leg'd, thick-leg'd,
dainty, drowsy ;

All run after me, Sir, me !—

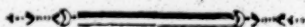
For to fellows, such as me,

Pretty maids are frank and free.

For their stays taking measure

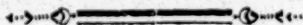
Of the Ladies—O the pleasure !

Oh, such tempting looks they gi' me—
 Willing of my heart to nim me;
 Pat and cry, You devil, JEMMY!
 Pretty ladies, ugly ladies, &c.



A I R——F A R M E R.

OLD ENGLAND's a Lion, stretch'd out at his ease,
 A Sailor his keeper, his couch the green seas;
 Shou'd a Monkey dare to chatter, or a Tyger claw,
 They tremble at his roar as he lifts his paw:
 I love a neighbour's friendship, but turn'd to foe,
 Prepare to meet him with blow for blow!



A I R——(*Rondeau*) R U N D Y.

A Flaxen-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
 And next a merry plow-boy, I whistled o'er the Lea:
 But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
 And soon Ill be a butler, and wag my jolly face.

D

When

When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
 My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill :
 When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,—
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er
 the Lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
 I'll stand poll for the Parliament, and then vote in
 myself:

Whatever's good for me, Sir, I never will oppose ;
 When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my noes.

I'll bawl, harangue, and paragraph, with speeches
 charm the ear,

And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down a
 Peer.

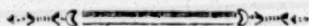
In court or city honour so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er
 the Lea.



SONGS IN THE POOR SOLDIER. 1782.

Keefe
AIR—DERMOT.

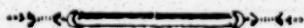
SLEEP on, sleep on, my KATHLEEN dear,
May peace possess thy breast !
Yet dost thou dream thy true-love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and rest ?
The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
Those joys are none to me :
Tho' sleep is fled, poor DERMOT wakes
To none but love and thee.



AIR—DARBY.

DEAR KATHLEEN, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis ;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay I post away,
To have with you a bit of play ;
On two legs rid along, to bid
Good morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowsey
 With whisky, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young BETTY BLOWZY
 To let me sit beside her.
 Her anger rose, and sour as floes,
 The little gypsie cock'd her nose ;
 Yet here I've rid along to bid
 Good morrow to your night-cap.

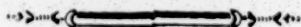


A I R—KATHLEEN.

SINCE love is the plan,
 I'll love if I can ;
 But first let me tell you what sort of a man :
 In address how compleat,
 And in dress spruce and neat ;
 No matter how tall, so he's over five feet ;
 Not dull, nor too witty,
 His eyes I'll think pretty,
 If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

Tho'

Tho' gentle he be,
 His man he shall see,
 Yet never be conquer'd by any but me :
 In a song bear a bob,
 In a glass hob or nob ;
 Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.
 This is my fancy,
 If such a man can see ;
 I'm his if he's mine, until then I am free.



A I R.—F I T Z R O Y.

THE twins of LATONA, so kind to my boon,
 Arise to partake of the chace :
 And Sol lends a ray to chaste DIAN's fair Moon,
 And a smile to the smiles of her face.
 For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of love
 With myrtles my brows shall adorn ;
 While PAN breaks his chaunter, & skulks in the grove,
 Excel'd by the sound of the horn.

The

The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply :
 Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in view,
 But love is the game that I wish to pursue !

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
 His sentence he hears in the gale :
 Yet flies till, entangled in fear and in doubt,
 His courage and constancy fail.
 Surrounded by foes he prepares for the fray,
 Despair taking place of his fear ;
 With antlers erected, awhile stands at bay,
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.
 The dogs are, &c.



AIR——NORAH.

THE meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly sing,
 So gaily they carol the praises of spring ;
 Tho Nature rejoices, poor NORAH shall mourn
 Until her dear PATRICK again shall return.

Ye

Ye lasses of DUBLIN, O hide your gay charms !
 Nor lure her dear PATRICK from NORAH's fond arms;
 Tho' sattins, and ribbands, and laces are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.



A I R—P A T R I C K.

HOW happy the foldier that lives on his pay,
 And spends half-a-crown out of six-pence a day—
 Yet fears neither Justices, Warrants, or Bums,
 But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.

With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
 His king finds him quarters, and money and cloaths:
 He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
 And rattles away with the roll of his drums.

With a row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,
 It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight:
 No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
 But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.

With a row-de-dow, &c.

AIR—PATRICK.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer ;
 Give me but health, I ask no more,
 My lovely girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare,
 My girl so fair ;
 With such, what mortal can be richer ?—
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

 Tho' Fortune ever shuns my door—
 I know not what can thus bewitch her—
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.



AIR—DARBY,

THO' late I was plump, round and jolly,

I now am as thin as a rod ;

Oh ! love is the cause of my folly,—

I soon shall lie under a sod !

Sing natherum doodle, nagetty, tragedy rum,

My didtherum, boodle, figetty nigetty mum.

Dear KATHLEEN, then, why did you flout me,

A lad that's so cosy and warm,

With every thing handsome about me,

My cabin and snug little farm.

Sing natherum doodle, &c.

What, tho' I have scrap'd up no money,

No duns at my chamber attend ;

On Sunday I ride on my poney,

And still have a bit for a friend.

Sing natherum doodle, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,

The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove ;

Oh, how all this courting confounds me,

When I look and think of my love !

Sing natherum doodle, &c.

A I R——P A T R I C K.

TH O' LEXLIP is proud of its close shady bowers,
 Its clear falling waters and murm'ring cascades,
 Its grove of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids;

As each his own village must still make the most of,
 In praise of dear CARTON I hope I'm not wrong;
 Dear CARTON!—containing what kingdoms may
 boast of,

'Tis NORAH, dear NORAH! the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine with their spurs and nice boots on,
 Their horses to start on the Currah of KILDARE;
 Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice
 powder'd hair:

Poor PAT, while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold or for acres he never shall long.

One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
 From NORAH, dear NORAH, the theme of my song.

A I R

A I R——F I T Z R O Y.

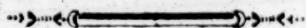
THE spring with smiling face is seen
 To usher in the May ;
 And Nature, clad in mantle green,
 All forig'd with flow'rets gay :
 The feather'd songsters of the grove,
 Then join in harmony and love.
 The lark that soaring cleaves the skies,
 Low builds her humble nest ;
 The rambling boy that finds the prize,
 Is sure supremely blest ;
 For when the tuneful bird is flown,
 He hastes and marks it for his own.

A I R——D E R M O T.

DEAR TOM, this brown jug that now foams with
 mild ale,
 Out of which I now drink to sweet KATE of the vale,
 Was once TOBY FILLPOT, a thirsty old soul
 As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl ;
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excell,
 And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog days he sat at his ease,
 In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
 With his friend and his pipe puffing sorrow away,
 And with hearty old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath doors of life, on a sudden were shut,
 And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester butt.]

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of old TOBY he form'd this brown jug.
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet KATE of the vale.



A I R—FATHER LUKE.

YOU know I'm your priest, and your conscience is
 mine,

But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign;
 So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,
 And then, my dear DARBY, you're settled for life.
 Sing Ballynamono, Oro,
 A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and the bridegroom with coats white as snow :
So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
He blushes at love, and she whispers obey ;
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and pocket your gold.

Sing, &c.——That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours with joy to the bridegroom and bride,
The pipers before us march side by side.
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face,
The pipers play up, myself I say grace.

Sing, &c.——A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is thrown,
The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone ;
'Tis then, my dear boy, I believe you at home,
And hey for a baby at nine months to come.

Sing, &c.——A good merry christ'ning for me.

AIR.

AIR.—DARBY.

SINCE KATHLEEN has prov'd so untrue,
 POOR DARBY !—ah, what can you do !—
 No longer I'll stay here a clown,
 But sell off, and gallop to town :
 I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,
 The Barber shall frizzle my hair.

In town I shall cut a great dash—
 But how for to compass the cash ?—
 At gaming, perhaps, I may win ;
 With cards I can take the flats in ;
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd ;
 If found out—shall only be kick'd.

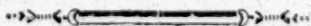
But first for to get a great name,
 A Duel establish my fame ;
 To my man then a challenge I'll write ;
 But first I'll be sure he wont fight :
 We'll swear not to part 'till we fall,
 Then shoot without powder, and the Devil a ball.

SONG

SONGS IN ROSINA.

TRIO.—WILLIAM, ROSINA, AND PHOEBE.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
 Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
 Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.
 Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain;
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,
 To secure the golden grain.
 See, content, the humble gleaner
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall!
 Nature, all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all!



AIR.—PHOEBE.

WHEN William at eve meets me down at the stile,
 How sweet is the nightingale's song!
 Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,
 While the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,
 And believe every word of his song :
 You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
 While the moon plays yon branches among.



AIR.—BELVILLE.

HER mouth, which a smile,
 Devoid of all guile,
 Half opens to view,
 Is the bud of the rose,
 In the morning that blows,
 Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
 Than the flower-scented heath
 At the dawning of day ;
 The hawthorn in bloom,
 The lily's perfume,
 Or the blossom of May.

AIR

AIR—CAPTAIN BELVILLE.

BY dawn to the Downs we repair,
 With bosoms right jocund and gay,
 And gain more than pheasant or hare,
 Gain health by the sports of the day.
 Mark!—Mark!—to the right hand prepare!—
 See DIANA, the points—see they rise!
 See they float on the bosom of air!
 Fire away!—whilst loud Echo replies,
 Fire away!—
 Hark!—the volley resounds to the skies!
 Whilst Echo in thunder replies—
 In thunder replies,
 And resounds to the skies,
 Fire away!—Fire away!—Fire away!

AIR—CAPTAIN BELVILLE.

FROM flower to flower gay roving,
 The wanton butterfly,
 Does Nature's charms descry—
 From flower to flower, &c.

E

On

On wavy wings high mounting,
 If chance some child pursues,
 Forsakes the balmy dews.

On wavy wings, &c.

Thus wild, and ever changing,
 A sportive butterfly,
 I mock the whining sigh:
 Still wild, and ever changing,
 A sportive butterfly.



AIR——WILLIAM.

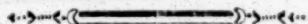
WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
 The joy of each free-hearted swain,
 'Till PHOEBE promis'd to be there,
 I loiter'd last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught her eye,
 The ribbon gay or filken glove,
 With eager haste I ran to buy;
 For what is gold compar'd to love?

My

My posy on her bosom plac'd,
 Cou'd HARRY's sweeter scents exhale?
 Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
 And flutter'd in the wanton gale.

With scorn she hears me now complain,
 Nor can my rustic presents move:
 Her heart prefers a richer swain,
 And gold, alas! has banish'd love!

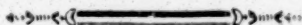


A I R—B E L V I L L E.

ERE bright ROSINA met my eyes,
 How peaceful pass'd the joyous day!
 In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
 Each virgin listen'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,
 No more the rustic sport can please;
 I live the slave of fond desire,
 Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease!

The tree that in a happier hour
 Its boughs extended o'er the plain,
 When blasted by the lightning's power,
 Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.



A I R—B E L V I L L E.

HOW blest, my Fair, who on thy face,
 Uncheck'd by fear, may fondly gaze !
 Who, when he breathes the tender sigh,
 Beholds no anger in thine eye !
 Ah, then, what joys await the swain
 Who ardent pleads, nor pleads in vain ;
 Whose voice, with rapture all divine,
 Secure may say, " This heart is mine !"



SONGS IN INKLE AND YARICO. 1757.

AIR—TRUDGE. *G. Colman Junr.*

A VOYAGE over seas had not enter'd my head,
Had I known but on which side to butter my bread :

Heigh ho ! sure I—for hunger must die !
I've fail'd like a booby—come here in a squall,
Where, alas ! there's no bread to be butter'd at all !

O ho ! I'm a terrible booby !—

O what a sad booby am I !

In LONDON, what gay chop-house signs in the street !
But the only sign here is of nothing to eat.

Heigh ho ! that I—for hunger shou'd die !
My mutton's all lost—I'm a poor starving elf—
And for all the world like a lost mutton myself !

O ho ! I shall die a lost mutton !

O what a lost mutton am I !

For a neat slice of beef, I could roar like a bull :
And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.

Heigh ho! that I—for hunger should die!
But, grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,
For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save.

O ho! I shall ne'er save my bacon, not I!
I can't save my bacon, not I!



DUETT—INKLE AND YARICO.

INKLE.

O SAY, simple Maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?
When winds whistle shrilly, ah, won't they remind you
To sigh, with regret, for the grot left behind you?

YARICO.

Ah, no!—I cou'd follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover:
The winds which blow round us, your arms for to
pillow,
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each
billow.

INKLE.

INKLE.

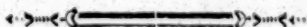
Then say, lovely Lads, what if haply espying
A rich gallant vessel, with gay colours flying?—

YARICO.

I'll journey with thee, Love, to where the land
narrows,
And sling all my cares at my back with my arrows.

BOTH.

O say then, my true-love, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big thunder.
While constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.



AIR—PATTY.

THIS maxim let ev'ry one hear,
Proclaim'd from the North to the South,
Whatever comes in at your ear,
Shou'd never run out at your mouth.

We

We Servants, like Servants of State,
 Shou'd listen to all, and be dumb :
 Let others harangue and debate,
 We look wise—shake our heads—and are mum.

 The Judge, in full dignity drest,
 In silence hears Barristers preach ;
 And then, to prove silence is best,
 He'll get up, and give them a speech.
 By saying but little, the maid
 Will keep her swain under her thumb ;
 And the lover, that's true to his trade,
 Is certain to kifs, and cry mum.



AIR——(*Rondeau*) NARGISSA.

MARS wou'd oft, his conquest over,
 To the Cyprian Goddess yield ;
VENUS gloried in a lover,
 Who, like him, cou'd brave the field.
 MARS wou'd oft, &c.

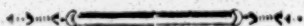
In

In the cause of battles hearty,
 Still the God wou'd strive to prove,
 He who fac'd an adverse party,
 Fittest was to meet his love.

MARS wou'd oft, &c.

Hear then, Captains, ye who bluster,
 Hear the God of War declare,
 Cowards never can pass muster ;
 Courage only wins the fair.

MARS wou'd oft, &c.

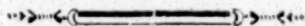


AIR—CAMPLER.

WHY should I vain fears discover ?
 Prove a dying, fighting, swain ?
 Why turn shilly-shally lover,
 Only to prolong my pain ?

When we woo the dear enslaver,
 Boldly ask, and she will grant ;
 How should we obtain a favour,
 But by telling what we want ?

Should the nymph be found complying,
 Nearly then the battle's won ;
 Parents think 'tis vain denying,
 When half our work is fairly done.



A I R—W O W S K I.

REMEMBER when we walk'd alone,

And heard so gruff the lion growl ;

And when the moon so bright it shone,

We saw the wolf look up and howl ;

I led you well, safe to our cell,

While tremblingly

You said to me,

And kiss'd so sweet—Dear Wowski, tell,

How cou'd I live without ye ?

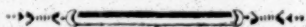
But now you come across the sea,

And tell me here no monsters roar ;

You'll walk alone and leave poor me,

When wolves to fright you howl no more.

But, ah! think well on our old cell,
 Where tremblingly
 You kiss'd poor me—
 Perhaps you'll say—Dear Wowski, tell,
 How can I live without ye?



AIR—YARICO.

OUR grotto was the sweetest place!
 The bending bows, with fragrance glowing,
 Would check the brook's impetuous pace,
 Which murmur'd to be stopt from flowing.
 For him did cares my bosom fill;—
 Ah! think on this, and love me still.

'Tis then my bosom first knew fear,—
 Fear to an Indian maid a stranger—
 The war song, arrows, hatchet, spear,
 All warn'd me of my lover's danger,
 For him did cares my bosom fill;
 Ah! think on this, and love me still.

AIR

A I R—P A T T Y.

THO' Lovers, like Marks-men, all aim at the heart
 Some hit wide of the mark, as we wenches all know
 But all the bad shots, he's the worst in the art,
 Who shoots at a pigeon, and kills a crow.

O ho !

Your master has kill'd a crow.

When youngers go out, the first time in their lives,
 At random they shoot, and let fly as they go;
 So your Master, unskill'd how to level at wives,
 Has shot at a pigeon, and kill'd a crow.

O ho ! &c.

Love and money thus wasted, in terrible trim !
 His powder is spent, and his shot running low :
 Yet the pigeon he miss'd, I've a notion, with him,
 Will never, for such a mistake, pluck a crow.

No ! No !

Your Master may keep his crow.

AIR—TRUDGE.

A CLERK I was in LONDON gay,
 Jemmy linkum feedle;
 And went in boots to see the play,
 Merry fiddlem tweedle.
 I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle;
 The Girls all cry'd, He's quite the kick!
 O Jemmy linkum feedle!

Hey!—for AMERICA I fail,
 Yankee doodle deedle;
 The Sailor-boys cry'd, Smoke his tail!
 Jemmy linkum feedle.
 On ENGLISH Belles I turn'd my back,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle;
 And got a foreign Fair, quite Black,
 O twaddle, twaddle, tweedle.

Your

YOUR LONDON Girls, with roguish trip,
 Wheedle, whaddle, wheedle,
 May boast their pouting under lip,
 Fiddle, faddle, feedle.
 My Wowsk' wou'd beat a hundred such,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle,
 Whose upper lip pouts twice as much,
 O pretty doudle wheedle !

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes—
 Jemmy linkum feedle—
 A feather fine shall grace her nose ;
 Waving fidle feedle ;
 With jealousy I ne'er shall burst ;
 Who'd steal my bone of bone-a ?
 A white OTHELLO—I can trust
 A dingy DESDEMONA.



SONGS IN THE FAIR AMERICAN.

AIR.—CHARLOTTE.

WHEN unrelenting fates ordain
 That lovers ne'er shall meet again,
 What object round can joy impart,
 Or wean from woe the bleeding heart?
 In shades, and silent scenes, we find
 The only joy that soothes the mind;
 There, uncontroul'd, fond thoughts may rove,
 And back recall the hours of love.

But ah! when balmy hope is fled,
 To pleasure's voice the heart is dead;
 Then mem'ry only wakes to shew
 How deep the wretch is sunk in woe!
 The sailor thus, who, far from shore,
 Hears all night long the tempest roar,
 Soon as the morning lights the skies,
 Beholds his vessel bulge, and dies!

AIR

A I R.—R A C H A E L.

W H E N C U P I D, little fly rogue, blooming, fair
and young,

First wounds the lover's heart, how sweet's a woman's
tongue !

We rob the bees of honey, if we speak or sing,
But when the knot is tied, each word has then a sting.

'Tis all click clack whate'er we say,

Both jarring night and noon ;

But ring the changes still each day,

And talk things into tune.

About his cage with joy the nimble squirrel climbs,
His prison quite forgets, whilst tinkling go the chimes ;
Thus husbands, manag'd well, though fetter'd to the
ground,

Think when they shake their chains, there's musick
in the sound.

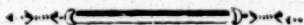
'Tis all click clack, &c.

A I R

A I R——(*Rondeau*) CHARLOTTE.

ADIEU! ye fleeting hours of love,
 That stole unmark'd away;
 And fondly promis'd once to prove
 As blest each future day.
 Where yonder vi'lets scent the vale,
 I met the faithful youth;
 There first he breath'd his tender tale,
 And vow'd eternal truth.
 Such joys are past! no more we meet
 These well-known haunts among;
 When Love's musician pipes so sweet
 Her plaintive ev'ning song.

Adieu! ye fleeting hours, &c.



A I R——B A L E.

LET young fops and old fops of all ranks combine,
 To flock like trim jackdaws to fashion's vain shrine;
 In such, if one moment they're worthy of note,
 Opinion is only the cut of a coat:

F

For

For my part, I'll steadily stick to one mode,
 Tho' my fashion is old, 'tis English and good.
 All cure sure our enemies think we are past,
 Or they never would smuggle their taylors so fast;
 If things now go wrong, that they'll mend where's
 the chance,

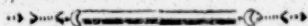
When the nation is put in strait waistcoats by FRANCE!
 In the days of Queen BESS, fine beaux were all seen
 With lace ruffs, two yards round, quill'd under the chin;
 For my part, &c.

Then an Englishman dressed in stile all his own,
 And the sea was his empire, the globe was his throne:
 Since this is acknowledg'd, I'll stick to my mode,
 Tho' my fashion is old, 'tis English and good.
 For my part, &c.



AIR—ANGELICA.

HOW serenely the morning first ope's its meek eye,
 And looks like an angel with smiles from the sky;
 Yet ere noon some black tempest with terror shall found,
 And the Spring's tender blossom is blown to the ground.
 Thus it fares with our hopes, when love fills the heart;
 In sunshine they rise, and in clouds still depart;
 But VENUS herself never shines in her sphere,
 Till that mourner, the Night, bathes her cheeks with
 a tear.



AIR—SUMMERS.

FICKLE youth thro' the garden of beauty may range,
 And from fair one to fair one inconstantly change;
 Like the bee, in the bell of the cowslip repose,
 Steal a kiss from the lily, then wing to the rose:
 But should HYMEN once happen the spoiler to meet,
 He compels him, for life, to enjoy the same sweet;
 Nor complain of hard fate; but imprint on your mind,
 That true pleasure should be like rich colours confin'd.

Mark the drop that distils from a cloud as it crost,
 If it falls on the sea, how for ever 'tis lost,
 And passion divided, like a spark will depart ;
 But when HYMEN has fix'd it, a flame lights the heart.



AIR——CARBINE.

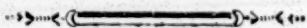
SHOU'D Love throw a shell,
 What soldier can tell
 On which side the danger may fall ?
 By a glance from the eye,
 Your poor CARBINE may die,
 As if shot thro' the heart by a ball.

When a beauteous maid,
 With glitt'ring parade,
 Appears in the blaze of her charms,
 To resist is in vain,
 We're ta'en pris'ners or slain,
 So I always lay down my arms.

AIR

A I R—ANGELICA.

AH! cease fond youth to plead again;
 Too soon I must unfold
 The secret cause of all my pain,
 Which still I wish untold.
 Like one in exile doom'd to roam,
 When distant I shall be,
 My thoughts shall always dwell at home,
 With gratitude and thee.



A I R—BALE.

PRUDENCE hath been long confess'd
 Valour's better part to be;
 Of two Generals he's the best
 Who with caution acts like me.
 Were I by trade
 A fighting blade,
 This maxim shou'd
 With me hold good,
 That he who fights and runs away,
 May live to fight another day.

AIR—DREADNOUGHT.

YE gallant souls that beat so high,
 With ENGLAND'S glory in each vein;
 From his example learn to die,
 Whose honour never knew a stain.

 At break of day two sail appear'd,
 And on the larboard quarter stood:
 For action strait the decks were clear'd,
 Which soon, alas! were dy'd with blood.

 My friend maintain'd th' unequal fight,
 'Till bringing all his guns to bear;
 With red hot balls their thunder fright,
 And up one Frenchman blew in air.

 The other struck her colours now,
 But Oh, too late his life to save—
 For, ere the hostile flag was low,
 A shot had mark'd him for the grave!

AIR

A I R——B O R E A S.

THRO' winds and waves, in days that are no more,
 I held the helm, and ne'er ran foul of shore :
 In pitch dark nights my reck'ning prov'd so true,
 We rode out safe the hardest gale that blew.
 And when for fight the signal high was shewn,
 Thro' fire and smoke old BOREAS strait bore down ;
 And now my timbers are not fit for sea,
 Old ENGLAND's wooden walls my toast shall be.

From age to age, as ancient story shews,
 We rul'd the deep, in spite of envious foes ;
 And still aloft, tho' worlds combine, we'll rise,
 If all at home are splic'd in friendly ties.
 In loud broadsides we'll tell both FRANCE and SPAIN,
 We're own'd by NEPTUNE sov'reigns of the main.
 Oh, would my timbers now were fit for sea !
 Yet ENGLAND's wooden walls my toast shall be.

A I R

AIR—SUMMERS.

THY image dear upon my heart
 So deep is grav'd by love ;
 No time or change can make it part,
 Or wean my thoughts to rove.
 Time from his wings dispenses still
 Some charm unknown before ;
 With love increas'd my heart to fill,
 And bind me to adore.
 Thus medals bear th' imperial grace,
 And are with wonder shewn :
 Whole ages can't the stamp deface,
 Until they're melted down.

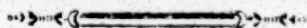


AIR.—CHARLOTTE.

IN the prime of the year, when soft nightingales sing,
 And young May prints a kiss on the cheek of the
 Spring ;
 That, ye swains, is the season, to woo the coy fair,
 For their looks will disclose what they blush to declare.

CUPID flies from old Winter, with fucws on his head,
And thro' all his chill reign, he aims shafts tipt with
lead;

But in Summer, the God flies on pinions so bold,
He drops sweets from his wings, and shoots arrows
of gold.



A I R——C A R B I N E.

A SOLDIER's life is always sweet,
In ev'ry town a fair we meet;
The martial drum, and gay cockade,
Is sure to win each village maid:
To distant climes with him she'd go,
And brave each toil and threat'ning foe;
But this the Soldier's rule shou'd be,
Love still the Fair—yet still be free.

Tho' beauty boasts of pow'rful charms,
More fatal far than hostile arms;
From ambush tho' the Fair rush on,
Yet never let the soldier run.

Bold

Bold as a lion, let him prove
 The sallies of impetuous love:
 For ever this his rule shou'd be
 To love the Fair, yet still be free.



A I R—B O R E A S.

IF you'll consent, my lovely dear,
 To be a Sailor's wife,
 By truth you'll always find him steer
 Throughout the cruize of life.
 No jealous winds with rage shall roll
 To veer his course from love;
 True as the needle to the pole,
 His heart shall ever prove.
 I've been on INDIA's wealthy coast,
 But nothing there I prize
 Like rubies, which those lips can boast,
 Like diamonds in those eyes.

AN

AN IRISH SONG.

By John Collins.

WHEN I took my departure from DUBLIN'S
sweet town,

And for ENGLAND'S own self thro' the seas I did
plow,

For four long days I was tofs'd up and down,

Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow !
While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, Sir,
I clung, like a cat, a fast hold for to keep, Sir,
Round about the big post that grows out of the ship, Sir,
O I never thought more to sing Lango Lee !

Thus standing stock still, all the while I was moving,
'Till IRELAND'S dear coast I saw clean out of sight ;
Myself the next day, a true Irishman proving,

When leaving the ship on the shore for to light,
As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
The first step I took, it was in such a totter,
That I jump'd upon land, to my neck up in water,
O that was no time to sing Lango Lee !

But

But as sharp cold and hunger I never yet knew more,
 And my stomach and bowels did grumble and growl;
 I thought the best way to get each in good humour,
 Was to take out the wrinkles of each, by my soul:
 So I went to a house where roast meat they provide, Sir,
 With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spy'd, Sir,
 And which grinds all their smoke into powder beside,
 Sir,

'Tis true as I'm now singing Lango Lee !

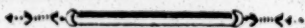
Then I went to the Landlord of all the Stage Coaches,
 That set sail for LONDON each night in the week,
 To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,
 As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek;
 But as for th' inside I'd no cash in my casket,
 Says I, With your leave, I make bold, Sir, to ask it,
 When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes the
 basket,

For there I can ride and sing Lango Lee !

When, making his mouth up, The basket, says he, Sir,
 Goes after the coach a full hour or two;
 Very well then says I, that's the thing just for me, Sir,
 But the Devil a word that he told me was true;

For tho' one went before, and the other behind, Sir,
They set off cheek-by-jole, at the very same time, Sir,
So the same day at night I set off by moonshine, Sir,
All alone by myself singing Lango Lee !

Oh, long life to the Moon, for a brave noble creature,
That serves us with lamp-light each night in the dark,
While the Sun only shines in the day, which by nature
Wants no light at all, as you all may remark ;
But as for the Moon, by my soul I'll be bound, Sir,
It wou'd save the nation a great many pounds, Sir,
To subscribe to light him up all the year round, Sir,
O, merrily then I'd sing Lango Lee !



THE SAILOR'S ADVICE.

IF you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's soft hammocks to swing ev'ry night ;
If you think that your voyage succes-ful will prove,
Fill your sails with affection, your cabins with love.

Let

The face that wou'd smile when my purse was well lin'd,
 Shew'd a different aspect to me ;
 So when I could nought but Ingratitude find,
 I hy'd me once more to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
 Or to bear with cold looks on the shore ;
 So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
 And a trifle, alas, was my store !

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
 Which over my shoulder I threw ;
 Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
 To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,
 But, when the wide main I survey'd,
 I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
 And Fortune a slippery jade.

But I swear (if once more I should take her in tow)
 I will let the ungrateful ones see,
 That the turbulent waves and the billows can show
 More kindness than they did to me.

AN

AN IRISH DRINKING SONG,

By Mr. DIBDIN.

OF the ANCIENTS it's speaking my soul you'd be
after,

That they never got how come you so ;
Would you seriously make the good folks die with
laughter ?

To be sure their dog's tricks we don't know :
With your smaliliou nonsense, and all your queer
bodderns,

Since Whiskey's a liquor divine ;
To be sure the old Ancients, as well as the Moderns,
Did not like a sip of good Wine ?

APICIUS and ÆSOP, as authors assure us,
Would swig 'till as drunk as a beast ;
Then what do you think of that rogue EPICURUS,
Was he not a tight hand at a feast ?

With your smaliliou, &c.

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER the Great at his banquets who drank
hard,

When he no more worlds could subdue,
Shed tears to be sure, but 'twas tears of the Tankard,
To refresh him, and pray would not you?

With your smaliliou, &c.

Then that to'ther old fellow, they call'd ARISTOTLE,
Such a devil of a Tipler was he,
That one night, having taken too much of the Bottle,
The taif stagger'd into the sea.

With your smaliliou, &c.

Then they made of their wine what they call'd a li-
bation,

Which, as all authority quotes,
They threw on the ground—mus'ha what boderation,
To be sure 'twas not thrown down their throats.

With your smaliliou, &c.



KATE OF ABERDOVEY,

By Mr. MOULDS.

Now
IN ABERDOVEY dwelt a lass,
 The fairest ever seen;
 Her smiles so sweetly did surpass,
 The nymphs that trip'd the green;
 To her young TAFFY tun'd his lyre,
 For he could sweetly play;
 And as his fingers touch'd the wire,
 He warbled thus his lay;
 Love, I pray thee smile, look you,
 In pity then on poor AP-HUGH,
 Or else despairingly he'll sigh,
 For KATE of ABERDOVEY.

But she regarded not his strain,
 Which made him sad at heart;
 For love, look you, will give hur pain,
 And leave a cruel smart:

Dejected

Dejected then he touch'd his lyre,

Which softly seem'd to say,

O cruel fate, thus to require

My love, and not repay !

Love I do pray thee, &c.

The maid at length, with pity fraught,

Gave ear unto his tale ;

Which, as the pleasing notes he caught,

He echo'd thro' the vale ;

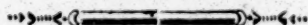
Then tun'd again the warbling lyre

To sounds so sweetly gay ;

As ORPHEUS did, when from below

He fetch'd his wife away.

Love I do pray thee, &c.



SHE VOW'D TO DIE A MAID.

IN am'rous mood—young STREPHON long
Had told a melting tale ;

And tun'd his pipe, and rais'd his song

To FANNY of the vale ;

The blooming nymph attentive heard,
 Whate'er the shepherd said ;
 And oft as seriously declar'd,
 And vow'd to die a maid.

The ardent youth, his suit to gain,
 And all her fears remove,
 Said, that such vows were held in vain,
 By Jupiter and Love ;
 Then grasp'd her hand, and look'd and sigh'd,
 And ev'ry art display'd,
 Yet still she jeeringly reply'd,
 I vow I'll die a maid !

The Church in view, across the mead,
 He pointed to the place ;
 The fair one let him gently lead,
 And soon said Hymen's grace :
 With sparkling eye she view'd the swain,
 And laughingly she said,
 'Tis your fault if my vows remain
 To let me die a maid.

POOR TOM; OR THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH,

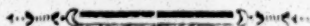
By Mr. DIBDIN.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor TOM BOWLING,
 The darling of our crew ;
 No more he'll hear the tempest's howling,
 For death has broach'd him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft ;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

TOM never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare ;
 His friends were many and true hearted,
 His POLL was kind and fair ;
 And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
 Ah, many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For TOM is gone aloft !

Yet

Yet shall poor TOM find pleasant weather,
 When he, who all commands,
 Shall join, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who Kings and Tars dispatches,
 In vain TOM's life has doft ;
 For tho' his body's under hatches,
 His foul is gone aloft !



JEM OF ABERDEEN,

Sang by Miss LEARY, at VAUXHALL.

THE tuneful lav'rocks cheer the grove,
 And sweetly smiles the summer green,
 Now o'er the mead I love to rove,
 Wi' bonny JEM of ABERDEEN :
 When'er we sit beneath the broom,
 Or wander o'er the lee ;
 He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
 Always wooing me.

He's

He's fresh and fair as flow'rs in May,
 The blytheft lad of a' the green,
 How sweet the time will pass away,
 Wi' bonny JEM of ABERDEEN !
 When'er we sit, &c.

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,
 Wi' ilka sport of glen or green,
 Well pleas'd to share the humble lot
 Of bonny JEM of ABERDEEN.
 When'er we sit, &c.



HARK! HARK! AWAY!

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

THE fable clad curtain's undrawn,
 The lark sweetly carols on high ;
 Quickly opens the eye of the morn,
 See, the sun-beams are gilding the sky !
 The huntsman he throws off the hounds,
 The horns wind a tedious delay ;
 And the heart of each sportsman elated rebounds,
 In expecting the summons of hark, hark away !

Hark ! a burst gives the signal for chase,
 Thro' woodlands we dashing pursue;
 While the Fox, fleet as wind, winds his pace,
 'Till the huntsman proclaims him in view :
 Now his strength and his cunning's a mort,
 See, the dogs seize in triumph their prey !
 While the death of the game gives new life to the sport,
 And echoes re-echo with hark, hark away !

Now for Liberty Hall we repair,
 To replenish the joys of the field;
 Where good humour combines with the fair,
 And the wife smiles, obedience to yield :
 While the Bottle and Bowl both unite
 To vie with the sports of the day,
 Let Bumpers go round, to the sportsman's delight,
 And all join in the chorus of hark, hark away !



THE TRAITOR'S SO DEAR,

By Mr. DIBDIN.

WHEN Fairies are lighted by night's silver queen,
 And feast in the meadow, or dance on the green;
 My CLUMP leaves his harrow, his plough, and his flail,
 By yon oak to sit near me, and tell his fond tale;
 And tho' I'm assur'd the same vows were believ'd
 By PATTY, and RUTH, he forsook and deceiv'd;
 Yet his words are so sweet, and like truth so appear,
 That I pardon the Treason—the Traitor's so dear.

I saw the straw bonnet he bought at the fair,
 The rose-colour'd ribbands to deck JENNY's hair,
 The shoe-ties of BRIDGET, and, still worse than this,
 The gloves he gave PEGGY for stealing a kiss:
 All this did I see, and with heart-rending pain,
 Swore to part—yet I know, when I see him again,
 His words and his looks will like truth so appear
 I shall pardon the Treason—the Traitor's so dear.

BONNY

BONNY BLYTHSOME NANNY,

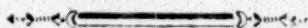
Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

FAREWELL ambitious gilded toys,
Which late my fancy drew ;
Farewell ye vain imperfect joys,
Ye flattering dreams, adieu !
This alter'd breast no more invade,
Let love fill ev'ry cranny,
With passion for the beauteous maid—
My bonny blithsome NANNY.

The gay coquet let others woo,
And patient play the fool ;
Now laugh, now cry, for ever true
To her capricious rule ;
While she, with studied treach'rous wiles,
Endeavours to trepan ye,
How dear the fond, the artless smiles
Of bonny blithsome NANNY.

From

From Fair to Fair no more I'll rove,
 Indulging each desire ;
 While each new beauty once could move,
 Each wanton glance inspire ;
 Of all the nymphs whom PHOEBUS views,
 Had I my choice of any,
 Ye Pow'rs, with raptures then I'd choose
 My bonny blythsome NANNY !



I'D THINK ON THEE MY LOVE,

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
 And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
 In midst of all those dire alarms
 I'd think, my SALLY, on thy charms :
 The troubled main,
 'The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove ;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Shou'd seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee my love !

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
 And art is vain the ship to guide ;
 In varied shapes when death appears,
 The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers ;
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove ;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee my Love.

But shou'd the gracious Pow'rs be kind,
 Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
 And waft me to thy arms once more,
 Safe to my long-lost native shore ;
 No more the main,
 I'd tempt again,
 But tender joys improve ;
 I then with thee,
 Should happier be,
 And think on nought but love.

THE JOLLY SPORTSMAN.

WITH pleasure the huntsman he welcomes the
morn,

Enliven'd and cheer'd with the sound of the horn;
All eager fly Reynard the Fox to pursue,
With dogs and with hounds to the scent ever true;
Arouse then, ye sportsmen, at break of the morn,
And attend to the call of the echoing horn,
That over the fields and the meadows resounds,
And join in the cry of the huntsman and hounds !

Well mounted, o'er hedges and ditches they fly,
While sweet tally-ho rends the neighbouring sky !
'Till the victim, run down and lies panting for breath,
Each spurs on his steed to be in at the death.

Arouse then ye sportsmen, &c.

The chace given o'er, now all jocund and gay
The rosy-fac'd huntsmen, as fresh as the day,
Now give to the bottle their cares and dull sorrow,
And drink in a bumper the joys of to-morrow.

Arouse then ye sportsmen, &c.

STREPHON AND SYLVIA,

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

'T IS not STREPHON'S form I prize,
Nor the sparkling of his eyes ;
But his words and kisses sweet,
When at eve we fondly meet ;
When of love he eager talk'd,
As by moon-light once we walk'd,
Blushes quick my cheeks array'd,
Which her beams as soon betray'd.

Blushes, I could not conceal,
Shew'd him what my heart did feel ;
STREPHON ask'd me for my hand,
Could I such a youth withstand ?
No, I could not, but reply'd,
SYLVIA will be STREPHON'S bride ;
Maidens say not I'm to blame,
Sure you would have said the same !

DEAR

DEAR MARY; OR THE SAILOR'S ADIEU!

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

FAREWELL to OLD ENGLAND, thy white cliffs
adieu!

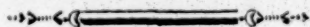
Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you?
Tho' oceans divide me as wide as the pole,
No distance can change the true love of my soul:
As well might my messmates determine to bale
All the waters that fill up old NEPTUNE's great pail,
As direct my firm mind from its fond thought of you,
Farewell to OLD ENGLAND, dear MARY adieu!

Dear MARY adieu! can that ship go to wreck,
Where every plank bears your sweet name on the deck?
Nay, many love knots on the tops I have made,
While guileless my ship-mates at chequers have play'd;
Their sports are not pastime but sorrow to me,
My mind is more happy in fighting to thee!
More happy by far when thinking of you,
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu!

Yes!

Yes ! the hopes of return, all the joy of a Tar,
 'Tis his compass, his helm,—'Tis his guide and his
 star ;

'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails,
 It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales ;
 The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
 And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day ;
 With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
 And changes adieu into welcome return !



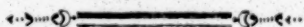
THE DREAM,

By WILLIAM HAYLEY, *Esq.*

STAY O, stay ! thou lovely shade,
 Brought by sleep to sorrow's aid ;
 Ah, the sweet illusion ends,
 Light and reason, cruel friends,
 Bid me not with frantic care
 Vainly worship fleeting air !

Night

Night returns on rapid wing,
 Round my head thy poppies fling ;
 Hateful day, thy reign be brief,
 Darkneſs is the food of grief ;
 Could'ſt thou, Sleep, my dream reſtore,
 I ſhould wiſh to wake no more.



THE FAITHFUL STREAM.

FROM tree to tree, from flow'r to flow'r,
 Th' inconstant zephyr ſtrays ;
 Not e'en the ſweeteſt roſe hath pow'r
 To fix its wand'ring breeze.

The faithful ſtream that round yon hill
 Its winding current leads ;
 In its firſt channel murmurs ſtill,
 Nor roves to diſtant meads.

Ah, heedleſs youth, behold in them
 The emblem of our flame ;
 Thine, rover, is the wand'ring breeze,
 And mine the faithful ſtream !

H

THE

THE HOBBY HORSE.

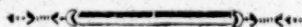
WHY shou'd the friends of young CUPID,
 Pining, whining, sighing,
 Consider each mortal as stupid,
 Who's not for some mistress dying ?
 Since the journey of life's on a road rough, tho' wide,
 Pray let each man, in quiet, his hobby horse ride,
 Our own course regarding, not crossing a brother,
 Or seeking to jostle, or cross one another.

Why should we, gay sons of BACCHUS,
 Laughing, singing, and drinking ;
 Tho' dull Care can never attack us,
 Deny there's pleasure in thinking.
 Since the journey, &c.

Tho' there's delight in a bottle,
 Firing, wounding and killing,
 We had rather hear glasses rattle,
 And wine for blood be spilling.
 Since the journey, &c.

Blaming

Blaming others is folly,
 Loving, fighting, or mellow,
 For the grave, the valiant and jolly,
 May each be a worthy fellow.
 Since the journey, &c.



ANNA; OR THE ADIEU!

WHEN the sails catch the breeze, and the anchor
 is weigh'd,
 To bear me from ANNA, my beautiful maid;
 The top-mast ascending, I look for my dear,
 And sigh that her features imperfect appear!
 'Till aided by fancy, her charms I still trace,
 And for me see her tears trickle down her pale face;
 While her handkerchief waving, solicits my view,
 And I hear her sweet lips sadly sigh out adieu!

The pleasing delusion not long can prevail,
Higher rise the proud waves, and more brisk blows
the gale,

The gale, that regards not the sighs that it bears,
The proud waves still unmov'd, tho' augmented by
tears !

Ah, will ye not one single moment delay ?

Oh, think from what rapture you bear me away !

Then my eyes stare in vain, to see ANNA on shore,
And a tear drops from each, as they view her no more !

Yet some comfort it gives to my agoniz'd mind,
That I still see the land where I left her behind ;
The land that gave birth to my charmer and me,
Tho' less'ning, my eyes beam with pleasure to see :
'Tis the casket that holds all that's dear to my heart,
The haven where yet we shall meet ne'er to part ;
If the Gods are propitious to lovers so true ;
But if not, dearest ANNA, a long—long adieu !



LOUISA.

L O U I S A,

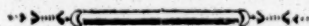
*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, at the Subscription Concerts
of BATH and BRISTOL.*

WHEN Night's dark mantle veil'd the seas,
And Nature's self was hush'd to sleep;
When gently blew the midnight breeze,
LOUISA fought the boundless deep:
On a lone beach, in wild despair,
She sat, recluse from soft repose;
Her artless sorrows rent the air,
So sad were fair LOUISA's woes!

Three years she nurs'd the pleasing thought,
Her love, her HENRY would return;
When ah, the fatal news was brought
The sea was made his wat'ry urn!
Sweet maids, who know the pow'r of love,
You but can tell what she must feel,
Who 'gainst each adverse fortune strove
The tender passion to conceal.

The

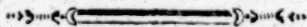
The lovely maid, absorb'd in grief,
 While madness ran thro' every vein ;
 Poor mourner, fought from death relief,
 And frantic plung'd into the main !—
 The heav'ns with pity saw the deed,
 The debt the fair one paid to love,
 And bade the Angel guard proceed
 To bear LOUISA's soul above !



D E L I A.

IN this cool retirement fair DELIA I found,
 Where beauty sat smiling, with innocence crown'd ;
 Her form was as fair as the blossoms in May,
 Or sweet op'ning dawn when it breaks into day ;
 All Nature was hush'd—and calm was the scene,
 Save the warbling of birds that chaunt o'er the green.
 I gaz'd on her charms, as near her I drew,
 And thought nought but pleasure appear'd to my view ;
 But

But, alas, my fond heart soon felt the keen pain,
 Since DELIA no longer will hear the soft strain;
 Adieu then, sweet maid, tho' I e'er must admire
 Those charms that have set my fond bosom on fire!

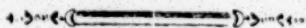


FAIR ROSALE.

ON that lone bank where LUBIN dy'd,
 Fair ROSALE, a wretched maid,
 Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
 Faithful to her LUBIN's shade:
 Oh, may some kind, some gentle wave,
 Waft him to this mournful shore,
 These tender hands should make his grave,
 And deck his corpse with flowrets o'er!
 I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
 And pray for his eternal rest;
 When time his form has worn away,
 His dust I'd place within my breast:

While

While thus she mourn'd her LUBIN lost,
And echo to her grief reply'd,
Lo, at her feet his corpse was tost,
She shriek'd, she clasp'd him—sigh'd and dy'd!



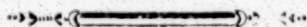
M A R I A.

RADIANT beams the orient morn,
Dew drops glisten on the thorn;
Flow'rets bloom along the mead,
Lonely wheresoe'er I tread;
And the linnet, with the thrush,
Sweetly sing in ev'ry bush.

Come, MARIA, let us haste,
Nor in sloth the morning waste;
Taste the health-inspiring gale,
Climb the upland, trace the vale,
Where the shepherd's cot is found,
With the twisting ivy crown'd.

Happy

Happy is the shepherd's fate,
Far above the envied great ;
Love, and innocence and truth,
Bless the maid, and bless the youth ;
Pleasure, with incessant smile,
Does from care their hours beguile.



B O N N Y K I T T Y ,

By Mr. DIBDIN.

W H E N last from the Streights we had fairly cast
anchor,

I went bonny K I T T Y to hail,
With quintables stor'd—for our voyage was a spanker,
And bran new was ev'ry sail ;
But I knew well enough how with words sweet as
honey,

They suck us poor tars of our gold ;
And when the sly gipsies have finger'd the money,
The bag they give poor J A C K to hold.

So

So I cheer'd her, d'ye see, my lads, under false colours,
 Swore my wishes were all at an end ;
 That I'd sported away all my good-looking dollars,
 And borrow'd my cloaths of a friend :
 O then had you seen her, no longer my honey,
 'Twas varlet, audacious and bold,
 Begone from my sight, now you've spent all your
 money,
 For KITTY the bag you may hold !

With that I took out a double handful of shiners,
 And scornfully bid her good by'e ;
 'Twould have done your heart good, had you then
 seen her fine airs,
 How she'd leer, and she'd sob, and she'd sigh.
 But I stood well the broadside, and jewel and honey
 She call'd me—I put up the gold—
 And bearing away, as I sack'd up the money,
 Left the bag for ma'am KITTY to hold.



THE VILLAGE MAID,

Sung by Miss CANTELLO, at the Concerts, BATH.

SILENT I tread this lonely wood,
 Silent I shed the piteous tear ;
 No hope to cheer my drooping soul,
 Bereft of him I hold most dear !
 Still do I seek these dreary shades,
 A love-lorn maid, the village scorn,
 Since HENRY won my plighted faith,
 Then left me here to sigh forlorn !

Yon mossy bank oft times recal
 The image of the blooming youth ;
 'Twas there he stole my easy heart,
 With vows of constancy and truth :
 Faint from her lips her accents flow,
 And faintly beam'd her eyes so bright ;
 She sunk upon the mossy bank,
 She sunk to everlasting night !

THE

THE DYING INDIAN.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
 But glory remains when their lights fade away ;
 Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
 For the son of ALKNOMOOK shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low :
 Why slow do you wait, 'till I shrink from my pain ?
 But the son of ALKNOMOOK shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away ;
 Now the flame rises fast, ye exult in my pain,
 But the son of ALKNOMOOK shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son :
 Death comes, as a friend, to relieve me from pain,
 And thy son, O ALKNOMOOK, has scorn'd to complain.

COLIN

COLIN AND MOGGY.

MY COLIN leaves fair London town,

Its pomp, and pride, and noise ;
With eager haste he hies him down
To taste of rural joys :

Soon as my much lov'd swain's in sight,
My heart is glad with glee ;
I never know such true delight
As when he comes to me.

How sweet with him all day to rove,
And range the meadows wide !
Nor yet less sweet the moon-light grove,
All by the river's side !

The gaudy seasons pass away,
How swift, when COLIN's by !
How swiftly glides the flow'ry May !
How fast the summers fly !

When COLIN comes to grace the plains,
An humble crook he bears ;
He tends the flock like other swains,
A shepherd quite appears.

All in the verdant month of May
 The rake is all his pride ;
 He helps to make the new-mown hay,
 With MOGGY by his side.

'Gainst yellow Autumn's milder reign,
 His fickle he prepares,
 He reaps the harvest on the plain,
 All pleas'd with rural cares ;
 With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
 When all the toil is o'er,
 With him I trip it on the ground,
 With bonny swains a score.

When Winter's gloomy nights prevail,
 If COLIN is but there,
 His jovial laugh, and merry tale,
 To me are muckle cheer.
 The folk that choose in town to dwell,
 Are from my envy free ;
 For MOGGY loves the plain so well,
 And COLIN's all to me.

THE BEER DRINKING BRITONS.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own land,
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and free,
 Who always beat FRANCE when they took her in
 hand,
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.
 Come join, &c.

CHORUS.

Let us sing our own treasures, OLD ENGLAND'S
 good cheer,

The profits and pleasures of stout British beer :
 Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows, retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat,
 But your, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
 They drink of the squeezings of half ripen'd fruit ;
 But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.

Let us sing, &c.

Should

Shou'd the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with
our poles

We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern-jaws
ring ;

For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are souls,
Who shall shed their last drop for their country and
king.

Let us sing, &c.



THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are
begun ;

The confusion, but hear—I bet you, Sir—Done, done ;

A thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,

Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd ear :

While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,

Pamper'd prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching
his breast,

Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate—

The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch
rush

Dogs, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush ;
Thro' marsh, fen, and brier, led by their sly prey,
They, by scent and by view, cheat a long tedious way ;
While, alike born for sports of the field and the course,
Always sure to come through—a staunch and fleet
horse :

When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
And the high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud ;
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some
blood :

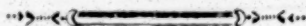
While knowing positions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire won that
race :

And what matches he won, to the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door.
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides
goad—

The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

'Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
 Bow'd down, by degrees, he bends on to his fate:
 Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
 Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands
 still:

And now, cold and lifeless, exposed to view
 In the very same cart which he yesterday drew:
 While a pitying crowd, his sad relicks surrounds—
 The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds!



A N N A's U R N.

ENCOMPASS'D in an Angel's frame,
 An Angel's virtues lay;
 Too soon did Heav'n assert the claim,
 And call'd its own away.
 My ANNA's worth, my ANNA's charms,
 Must never more return;
 What now shall fill those widow'd arms?
 Ah, me—my ANNA's urn!

Can

Can I forget that bliss refin'd,
 Which blest when her I knew ?
 Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwin'd,
 Were bound by love too true.
 The rural train which once were us'd
 In festive dance to turn,
 So pleas'd when ANNA they amus'd,
 Now weeping deck her urn !

The soul escaping from its chain,
 She clasp'd me to her breast,
 " To part with thee is all my pain,"
 She cry'd,—then sunk to rest.
 While mem'ry shall her feat retain,
 From beauteous ANNA torn,
 My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain
 Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There with the earliest dawn, a dove
 Laments her murder'd mate ;
 There Philomela, lost to love,
 Tells the pale moon her fate.

With yew and ivy round me spread,
 My ANNA there I'll mourn;
 For all my soul, now she is dead,
 Concentres in her urn.

THE ROVER.

IN all the sex some charms I find;
 I love to try all womankind,
 The fair, the smart, the witty;
 In CUPID'S fetters most severe,
 I languish'd out a long, long year,
 The slave of wanton KITTY.

At length I broke the galling chain,
 And swore that love was endless pain,
 One constant scene of folly;
 I vow'd no more to wear the yoke,
 But soon I felt a second stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd MOLLY.

With tresses neat, of flaxen hue,
 Young JENNY did my soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder valley :
 Then CUPID threw another snare,
 And caught me in the curling hair
 Of little tempting SALLY.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blythe and young,
 My roving heart from bondage sprung,
 This heart of yielding mettle ;
 And now it wanders here and there,
 By turns the prize of brown and fair,
 But never more will settle.



A R I S T I P P U S.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul
 Who, ARISTIPPUS like, can his passions controul ;
 Of wisest philosophers wisest was he,
 Who, attentive to ease, let his mind still be free :

The

The prince, peer, or peasant, to him were the same,
 For pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he came,
 But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,
 And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end;
 He found fault with none, if none found fault with
 him,

If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim;
 If wine was the word, why he bumper'd his glass—
 If love was the topic, he toasted his lass;
 But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,
 He found fault with neither, for this was his creed,
 That let them be guided by folly or sense,
 'Twould be *semper eadem* an hundred years hence;
 He thought 'twas unsocial to be mal-content,
 If the tide went with him, with the tide too he went
 But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war, he wish'd well to the sword ;
 If a peace was concluded, a peace was his word ;
 Disquiet to him, of body or mind,
 Was the longitude only he never could find ;
 The philosopher's stone was but gravel and pain,
 And all who had sought it, had sought it in vain :
 He still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow ARISTIPPUS's rules,
 And deem his opponents both asses and mules ;
 Let those not contented to lead or to drive,
 By the bees of their sect be drove out of their hive ;
 Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease,
 May he never find out the blest art how to please ;
 While our friends and ourselves, not forgetting our
 wives,
 By these maxims may live all the days of their lives.



LIBERTY-

LIBERTY-HALL.

OLD HOMER—but what have we with him to do ?
 What are Grecians or Trojans to me or to you ?
 Such heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke,
 Choice spirits assist me, attend hearts of oak.

Sweet peace, belov'd handmaid of science and art,
 Unanimity take your petitioner's part,
 Accept of my song, 'tis the best I can do,
 But first, may it please you, my service to you.

Perhaps my address you may premature think,
 Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink ;
 There are many fine toasts, but the best of them all
 Is the toast of the times, that is Liberty-Hall.

That fine British building by ALFRED was fram'd,
 Its grand corner stone Magna Charta is nam'd ;
 Independency came at Integrity's call,
 And form'd the front pillars of Liberty-hall.

That

That manor our forefathers bought with their blood,
And their sons, and their son's sons have prov'd their
deeds good ;

By that title we live, by that title we'll fall,
For life is not life out of Liberty-hall.

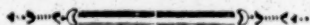
In her mantle of honour each star-spangled fold,
Playing bright in the sunshine the burnish of gold,
Truth beams on her breast ; see at loyalty's call,
The genius of England in Liberty-hall.

Ye sweet smelling courtlings of ribband and lace,
The spaniels of power, and beauty's disgrace,
So pliant, so servile, so passive ye fall,
But passive obedience lost Liberty-hall.

But when resolution had settled the crown,
And natural reason knock'd tyranny down,
No frowns cloath'd with terror appear'd to appall,
The doors were thrown open of Liberty-hall.

See ENGLAND triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
Her standard is justice, her watch-word be free :
Our King is our countryman, Englishmen all,
God bless him, and bless us in Liberty-hall.

On vere is dis hall, Monsieur vants to know,
 'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainbleau;
 'Tis a place of no mortal architect's art,
 But Liberty-hall is an Englishman's heart.



P O O R J A C K.*

GO patter to Lubbers and Swabs, d'ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
 And it e'n't to a little I'll strike;
 Tho' the tempest top-gallant-mast smack smooth shou'd
 smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood—
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse ev'ry thing
 tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud—
 Awaft, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles a-back;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft—
 To keep watch for the life of POOR JACK!

* For New Sequels, see Original Songs, Page 10—14.

Why, I heard the good Chaplain palaver one day
 About souls—heaven—mercy—and such ;
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay !
 Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch :
 But he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below ;
 And many fine things, which prov'd clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow.
 " For," says he " d'ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top-lifts of sailors a-back,
 There's a sweet little Cherub sits perch'd up aloft
 To keep watch—for the life of Poor JACK."
 I said to our POLL (for you see she would cry,)
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 " What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye ?
 Why, what a d——d fool you must be !
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for
 us all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ;
 And if to old DAVY I go my dear POLL,
 Why, you never will hear of me more !

What

What then?—all's a hazard—come don't be so soft—
 Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for—the life of POOR JACK.”
 D'ye mind me, a sailor shou'd be ev'ry inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world, without off'ring to flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As to me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs—
 My heart is my POLL's—and my rhino my friend's,
 And as for my life—'tis the King's !
 E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As with grief to be taken a-back—
 For that same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good birth for—POOR JACK.



THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL,

Sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall.

WHEN JACK parted from me, to plough the salt
deep,

(Alas, I mayn't see him again!)

In spite of all talking I could not but weep,

To help it I'm sure was in vain.

Then he broke from my arms, and he bid me farewell,

Saying "POLL, come, my soul, it won't do,

So, d'ye hear, avast whining and fobbing my girl,

'Tis all foolish nonsense in you."

I cou'd not help thinking that JACK was in right,

From something that wisper'd, d'ye see,

There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight,

Will restore my POOR JACK unto me.

Yet while he's at distance each thought is employ'd,

And nought can delight me on shore,

I fancy at times that the ship is destroy'd,

And JACK I shall never see more.

But

But then it's but fancy !—that Angel above,
 Who can do such a wonder of things !
 I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
 And so to myself I thus sing :

“ What matters repining ? my heart shall be light,
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my POOR JACK unto me.”

But shou'd that sweet Angel, wherever he be,
 Forget to look out after JACK,
 Why then he may never return unto me,
 Ah, never, no never come back !
 But Oh, it can't be ! he's too good and too kind,
 To make the salt water his grave ;
 And why should I then each tale-teller mind,
 Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave ?
 Besides, I will never kind Providence flight,
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my POOR JACK unto me.

A SAILOR'S LIFE AT SEA.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd, and the ship's
unmoor'd.

And landsmen lag behind, Sir,
The sailer joyful skips on board,
And, swearing, prays for a wind, Sir.
Towing here, ye-howing there,
Steadily and readily, chearily and merrily,
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a sailer's life at sea.

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,
And landsmen all grow sick, Sir,
The sailer lolls with his mind at ease,
And the song and the cann go quick, Sir.
Laughing here, quaffing there,
Steadily, &c.

When

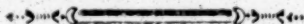
When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
 And seems to landsmen dreary ;
 The failor fearless goes to sleep,
 Or takes his watch most cheary,
 Boozing here, snoozing there,
 Steadily, &c.

When the sky grows black, and the wind blows
 hard,
 And landsmen skulk below, Sir,
 JACK mounts up to the topfail-yard,
 And turns his quid as he goes, Sir,
 Hawling here, bawling there,
 Steadily, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
 And landsmen cry, all's gone, Sir,
 The failor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,
 And he jokes with DAVY JONES, Sir,
 Dashing here, splashing there,
 Steadily, &c.

When

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck,
 And landsmen hoist the boat, Sir,
 The sailor scorns to quit the deck,
 While a single plank's afloat, Sir,
 Swearing here, tearing there.
 Steadily, &c.



SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

'T WAS Saturday Night, the twinkling stars
 Shone on the rippling sea ;
 No duty call'd the jovial tars,
 The helm was lash'd a-lee ;
 The ample cann adorn'd the board,
 Prepar'd to see it out,
 Each gave the las that he ador'd,
 And push'd the grog about.
 Cried honest TOM, my PEGG I'll toast,
 A frigate neat and trim ;
 All jolly PORTSMOUTH's fav'rite boast,
 I'd venture life and limb,

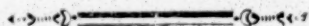
Sail sev'n long years, and ne'er see land,
 With dauntless heart and stout,
 So tight a vessel to command—
 Then push the grog about !

I'll give, cry'd little JACK, my POLI,
 Sailing in comely state !
 Top-gan't-sails set, she is so tall,
 She looks like a first rate :
 Ah, would she take her JACK in tow,
 A voyage for life throughout,
 No better birth I'd wish to know—
 Then push the grog about !

I'll give, cry'd I, my charming NAN,
 Trim, handsome, neat and tight ;
 What joy so fine a ship to man,
 She is my heart's delight !
 So well she bears the storms of life,
 I'd sail the world throughout,
 Brave ev'ry toil for such a wife—
 Then push the grog about !

Thus

Thus to describe, POLL, PEG, or NAR,
 Each his best manner try'd;
 'Till, summon'd by the empty cann,
 They to their hammocks hy'd;
 Yet still did they their vigils keep,
 Tho' the huge cann was out,
 For in soft visions, gentle sleep,
 Still push'd the grog about!



THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN Britain from her sea-girt shore
 Her white-rob'd Druids first addres'd,
 "What aid," she cry'd, "shall I implore?
 "What best defence, by numbers press'd?"
 "Hostile nations round thee rise,"
 The mystic oracles replied,
 "And view thine Isle with envious eyes;
 Their threats defy, their rage deride:
 Nor fear invasion from your adverse Gauls;
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls,

Thine oaks descending to the main,
 With floating forts shall stem the tides,
 Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
 Where'er her thund'ring navy rides.
 Nor less to peaceful Arts inclin'd,
 Where Commerce opens all her stores,
 In social bands shall league mankind,
 And join the sea-divided shores.
 Spread, then, thy sails where naval glory calls,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail, happy Isle! what tho' thy vales
 No vine impurpled tribute yield,
 Nor fan'd with odour-breathing gales,
 Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;
 Yet liberty rewards the toil
 Of industry, to labour prone,
 Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
 And reaps the harvest she has sown.
 While other realms tyrannic sway enthral,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls."

Thus

Thus spake the bearded seer of yore,
 In vision wrapt, of BRITAIN's fame,
 Ere yet IBERIA felt her pow'r,
 Or GALIA trembled at her name,
 Ere yet COLUMBUS dar'd t' explore
 New regions rising from the main.
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 Bear then, ye winds, in solemn strain,
 This sacred truth an awe-struck world appals,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.



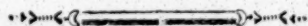
NOTHING LIKE GROG.

A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers,
 Who tell us to fast and to think,
 And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
 With nothing but water to drink ;
 A cann of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
 Would have set them for pleasure agog,
 And 'spite of the rules
 Of the schools, the old fools
 Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from GUINEA
 Return'd with abundance of wealth,
 Cry'd, " JACK, never be such a ninny
 'To drink"—says I, " Father your health,"
 So I pass'd round the stuff—soon he twigg'd it,
 And it set the old codger agog ;
 And he swigg'd, and mother,
 And sister and brother,
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.
 One day, when the chaplain was preaching,
 Behind him I cautiously slunk,
 And while he our duty was teaching,
 As how we should never get drunk,
 I tipt him the stuff and he twigg'd it,
 Which soon set his reverence agog ;
 And he swigg'd, and NICK swigg'd,
 And BEN swigg'd, and DICK swigg'd,
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

Ther

'Then trust me there's nothing as drinking
 So pleasant, on this side the grave;
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
 And makes e'en the valiant more brave;
 For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
 The good stuff has so set me agog;
 Sick or well, late or early,
 Wind foully or fairly,
 I've constantly swigg'd it,
 And d—— me there's nothing like grog.



ANACREONTIC SONG.

TO ANACREON in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,
 A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
 That he their inspirer and patron wou'd be,
 When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian:
 " Voice, fiddle, and flute,
 " No longer be mute,
 " I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to boot;
 " And besides, I'll instruct you, like me to entwine
 " The myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's vine."

The news thro' OLYMPUS immediately flew,
 When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs :
 " If these mortals are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
 " The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
 " Hark ! already they cry,
 " In transports of joy,
 " Away to the sons of ANACREON we'll fly;
 " And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to en-
 " twine
 " The myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's vine.
 " The yellow-hair'd God with his nine fusty Maids
 " From HELICON's banks will incontinent flee;
 " IDALIA will boast but of tenantless shades,
 " And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be :
 " My thunder, no fear on't,
 " Shall soon do its errand,
 " And d—— me, I'll swinge the ringleaders, I war-
 rant ;
 " I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
 " The myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's vine."

APOLLO

APOLLO rose up, and said, " Prythee ne'er quarrel,
 " Good King of the Gods, wi' my vot'ries below;
 " Your thunder is usefess :"—then shewing his laurel,
 Cry'd, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !

" Then over each head

" My laurel I'll spread,

" So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
 " dread ;

" Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially twine
 " The myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's vine."

Next MOMUS rose up, with his risible phiz,

And swore with APOLLO he'd cheerfully join :

" The full tide of harmony still shou'd be his,

" But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be
 " mine :

" Then, JOVE, be not jealous

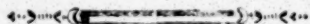
" Of these honest fellows."

Cry'd JOVE, " We relent, since the truth you now
 " tell us ;

" And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine
 " The myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's vine."

Ye

Ye Sons of ANACREON, then join hand in hand,
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love :
 'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd ;
 You've the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove.
 While thus we agree,
 Our toast let it be,
 " May we all flourish happy, united and free ;
 " And long may the Sons of ANACREON entwine
 " The myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS's vine."



O L D B I B O.

WHEN BIBO went down to the regions below,
 Where LETHE and STYX round eternity flow,
 He awoke, and he bellow'd, and wou'd be row'd back,
 For his soul it was thirsty, and wanted some sack.
 " You're drunk," CHARON cry'd,
 " You was drunk when you dy'd,
 " So you felt not the pain that to death is ally'd ;"
 " Take me back," roar'd out BIBO, " I mind not
 " the pain,
 " For if I was drunk, let me die once again."

“ Forget,” reply’d CHARON, “ those regions of strife,
 “ Drink of LETHE divine—’tis the fountain of life !
 “ Where the soul is new born, and all past is a dream,
 “ And the Gods sip themselves of the care-drowning
 “ stream.”

“ Let the Gods,” then he cry’d,

“ Drink of water who will,

“ The maxims of mortals I’ll always fulfill ;

“ Prate, prate not to me of your LETHE divine,

“ Our LETHE on earth was a bumper of wine.

At length grim old CERBERUS began a loud roar,

And the crazy old bark struck the Stygian shore ;

When BIBO arose, and he stagger’d to land,

But he jostled the ghosts as they stood on the strand ;

Cry’d CHARON, “ Ill tell you,

“ ’Tis vain to rebel,

“ For you’re banish’d from earth, and are now in hell,”

“ ’Tis a truth,” reply’d BIBO, “ I know by this sign,

“ ’Tis a hell upon earth, to be wanting of wine.”



WHILE

WHILE THE MORN IS INVITING TO LOVE,

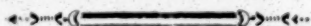
Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at Vauxhall.

THE Sun, when arising, bespangles the dew,
 And tints with his glory the skies ;
 All Nature's in motion, how charming the view,
 When day is beginning to rise !
 The morning is lively, MARIA awake,
 Let us haste to thy myrtle alcove ;
 Or stray by the side of thy chrySTALLINE lake,
 While the morn is inviting to love !

Did thy mind turn on me in thy dreams in the night ?
 Did I e'er to thy fancy appear ?
 Did no fond idea thy bosom delight ?
 MARIA, unfold to my ear :
 Unseen and unheard, you may tell it me now,
 Not a witness is near but the dove,
 Which mourns for his mate on the olive-tree bough,
 While the morn is inviting to love !

The

The winter, MARIA, will come on apace,
 As summer begins to depart;
 Come, then, in my bosom a confidence place,
 And speak the fond wish of thy heart.
 O let us, my fair, be united to-day,
 And haste to the church in the grove ;
 Nor let us the pleasing occasion delay,
 While the morn is inviting to love.



THE LAMP-LIGHTER,

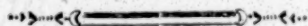
By Mr. DIBDIN.

I'M jolly DICK the lamplighter,
 They say, the Sun's my dad,
 And truly I believe it Sir,
 For I'm a pretty lad.
 Father and I the world we light,
 And make it look so gay,
 The difference is I lights by night,
 And father lights by day.

But

But father's not the likes of I,
 For knowing life and fun,
 For I queer tricks and fancies spy—
 Folks never like the sun:
 Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
 I've heard your wise ones say,
 And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night
 Things never seen by day.
 At night men lay aside all art,
 As quite a useless task,
 And many a face, and many a heart,
 Will then pull of the mask:
 Each formal prude and holy wight
 Will throw disguise away,
 And sin it openly all night,
 Who fainted it all day.
 His darling hoard the miser views,
 Misses from friends decamp,
 And many a statesman mischief brews
 To his country o'er his lamp:

So father and I, d'ye take me right;
 Are just on the same lay—
 I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
 And he false faints by day.



BRITANNIA's LAMENTATION.

IN a sad mouldering cave, where the wretched re-
 treat,

BRITANNIA sat wasted with care;
 Lamenting her WOOLFE, while she mourn'd his sad
 fate,

And gave herself up to despair.

The walls of her cave, were ensculpter'd around
 With exploits of her favourite son;
 And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
 Was engrav'd with atchievements he'd won.

The proud giants of old, as tradition has told,
 Have broke from their darksome abodes;
 And this is the news that in heaven is told,
 They are marching to war with the Gods.

Then

'Then a council was held in the chambers of Jove,
 And this was the final decree ;
 That WOOLFE should be call'd to the armies above,
 And the charge was entrusted to me.
 To the plains of QUEBECK, with my orders I flew,
 Where WOOLFE with his army then lay ;
 He cry'd O, forbear, let me victory view,
 And then thy commands I'll obey !
 With a darkening film I encompass'd his eyes,
 And convey'd him away in an urn ;
 Left the fondness he bore, for his own native shore,
 Should tempt him again to return.



LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP,

By Capt. MORRIS.

THO' BACCHUS may boast of his care-killing bowl,
 And folly in thought-drowning revels delight ;
 Such worship, alas, has no charms for the soul,
 When softer devotions the senses invite !

To

To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
 His potions oblivious a balm may bestow ;
 But to fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
 The death of reflection's the birth of all woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone ?
 For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine,
 Is a drop of more worth than all BACCHUS's tun.

The tender excess that enamours the heart,
 To few is imparted, to millions deny'd :
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
 And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.

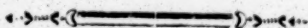
Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,
 And well I can speak of its joy and its strife ;
 The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gloom,
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come then, rosy VENUS, and spread o'er my sight
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul !
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl !

L

Then

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er, jolly God! from thy banquet remove;
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
 That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by love.



A NEW BACCHANALIAN SONG,

By Capt. MORRIS : — Tune, Mrs. CASEY.

WHEN the fancy-stirring-bowl
 Wakes its world of pleasure,
 Glowing visions gild my soul,
 And life's an endless treasure.
 Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
 Fresh with gay desires;
 Rays divine my senses dart,
 And kindly hope inspires.
*Then who'd be grave,
 When wine can save
 The heaviest soul from sinking;
 And magic grapes
 Give angel shapes
 To every girl we're drinking?*

Here sweet benignity and love
 Shed their influence round me,
 Gather'd ills of life remove,
 And leave me as they found me.
 Tho' my head may swim, yet true
 Still to Nature's feeling,
 Peace and beauty swim there too,
 And rock me as I'm reeling.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's soft pillow, tender truth
 Her pensive lesson taught me;
 Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
 And wisdom wak'd and caught me.
 A bargain then with love I knock'd,
 To hold the pleasing gypsy,
 When wise to keep my bosom lock'd,
 But turn'd the key when tipsy.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

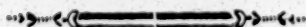
When time assuag'd my heated heart,
 The grey-beard, blind and simple,
 Forgot to cool one little part
 Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple.

That part's enough of beauty's type
To warm an honest fellow ;
And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
It melts still while I'm mellow.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voyage, we all declare,
With scarce a port to hide in ;
It may be so to pride or care,
That's not a sea I ride in :
Here floats my soul, till Fancy's eye
Her realms of bliss discover,
Bright worlds, that fair in prospect lie,
To him that's half seas over.

Then who'd be grave, &c.



THE MAID OF MARTINDALE.

IN MARTINDALE, a village gay,
A damsel deigns to dwell,
Whose looks are like a summer's day,
Whose charms no tongue can tell.

Whene'er

Whene'er I meet her on my way,
 I tell my am'rous tale ;
 Then heave a sigh, or softly say,
 " Sweet Maid of MARTINDALE !"

This nymph has numbers in her train,
 From HODGE up to the 'SQUIRE ;
 A conquest makes of ev'ry swain,
 All gaze, and all admire :
 Then where's the hope, alas, for me,
 That I should e'er prevail ?
 Yet while I breathe, I'll think of thee,
 Sweet Maid of MARTINDALE !

Should, fate, propitious be my lot,
 To call this charmer mine,
 I'd live content in lowly cot,
 And pompous thoughts resign :
 But if she scorns each heart-felt sigh,
 And leaves me to bewail ;
 For thee, my fair, for thee I'll die,
 Sweet Maid of MARTINDALE !

THE

THE LASS OF RICHMOND-HILL.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

ON RICHMOND-HILL there lives a lass,
 More bright than May-day morn !
 Whose charms all other maids surpass—
 A rose without a thorn.
 This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
 Has won my right good will,
 I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
 Sweet lass of RICHMOND-HILL !

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
 And wanton thro' the grove,
 Oh, wisper to my charming fair,
 I die for her and love !

This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,
 Who calls this nymph his own !
 Oh, may her choice be fix'd on me !
 Mine's fix'd on her alone.

This lass so neat, &c.

PATTY

PATTY CLOVER. 1788.

WHEN little on the village-green
 We play'd, I learn'd to love her :
 She seem'd to me some Fairy Queen,
 So light tript PATTY CLOVER.

With every simple childish art
 I try'd each day to move her :
 The cherry pluck'd the bleeding heart,
 To give to PATTY CLOVER.

The fairest flowers to deck her breast,
 I chose—an infant lover ;
 I stole the goldfinch from its nest,
 To give to PATTY CLOVER.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.*

TO my muse give attention, and deem it not a
 mystery,

If we jumble together music, poetry, and history ;

The

* For a New Parody, see Original Songs, p. 17.

The times to display in the reign of Queen BESS, Sir,
Whose name and whose memory posterity may bless, Sir,

*O the golden days of good Queen BESS,
Merry be the memory of good Queen BESS.*

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of Dons and Armadas,
With their gunpowder puffs, and their blust'ring bra-
vadoes ;

For they knew how to manage both the musket and
the bow, Sir,

And could bring down a Spaniard as easy as a crow, Sir,
O the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were
thatch'd Sir,

Our windows were lattic'd, our doors only latch'd, Sir,
Yet so few were the folks that would plunder and rob,
Sir,

The hangman was starving for want of a job, Sir.
O the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies, with large ruffs tied round about
the neck fast,

Would gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their
breakfast ;

While a close quilted coif their noddles just did fit, Sir,
And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted hose,
Sir,

With a pair of huge whiskers, was the dress of our
beaus, Sir ;

Strong beer they prefer'd to claret or to hock, Sir,
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood was then as plenty too as beef,
Sir,

And the poor from the rich ne'er wanted relief, Sir :
While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle and the
plough, Sir,

And honest men could live by the sweat of their brow,
Sir. *O the golden days, &c.*

Then the folks every Sunday, went twice at least to
church, Sir,

And never left the parson or his sermon in the lurch,
Sir,

For

For they judg'd the sabbath was for people to be
good in,
And thought it sabbath-breaking, if they din'd with-
out a pudding.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men
were great, Sir,
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
state, Sir ;
For the sovereign and the subject one interest supported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was
courted.

O the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their lives
Sir,
Bright examples of glory to those who survive, Sir,
May we their descendat pursue the same ways, Sir,
That King GEORGE, like Queen BESS, may have his
golden days, Sir :

And may a longer reign of glory and success,

Make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen BESS.

DATE

DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

O FORTUNE, how strangely thy gifts are awarded!
How much to thy shame thy caprice is recorded,
Since the wise, great, and good, of thy frowns seldom
'scape any,

Witness poor BELISARIUS, who beg'd for a halfpenny,
Date obolum, date obolum, date obolum, BELISARIO.

He, whose fame for valour was spread far and wide, Sir,
And whom none but his country true praise e'er deny'd, Sir,

By his own faithful dog was thro' ROME's city led, Sir,
With one foot in the grave forc'd to beg his bread,
Sir, *Date obolum, &c.*

As a young Roman Knight was by chance passing by,
Sir,

The old foldier's appearance at once caught his eye,
Sir;

And his purse in his helmet he dropt with a tear, Sir,
While the Veteran's sad story attracted his ear, Sir.

Date obolum, &c.

“ I have

“ I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer’d for
ROME, Sir ;

I have crown’d her with laurels, which for ever will
bloom, Sir :

From her foes harsh dominion I have raised her to
power ;

I espous’d her for life, and disgrace is my dower.

Date obolum, &c.

“ I no soldiers e’er risk’d, by attacking at random,
Or victory ensur’d by a ‘ *nil desperandum* ;’

But whenever I fought, I made both friend and foe
know,

That all my design was ‘ *Pro bono Publico*’.

Date obolum, &c.

“ I no colonies lost, by attempts to enslave ’em,
Or of Romans’ free rights ever strove to bereave ’em ;

Or to bow down their necks to my pride or my
pleasure,

Have an empire divided, or wasted its treasure.

Date obolum, &c.

“ Not

“ Nor to enrich or enoble myself, Sir,
Has my glory been tarnish’d with base views of pelf,
Sir;

For such sordid designs I’ve been so far from carving,
Blind and old, I’ve no chance but begging or starving,
Date obolum, &c.

“ Now if hero or statesmen should hear this relation,
Whose deeds have been still for the good of his nation,
Who, tho’ feeble and blind, should like me grope his
way, Sir,

The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn night to day,
Sir, *Date obolum, &c.*

“ But if wanting that light at the close of life’s spark,
Sir,

He at length comes to take the great leap in the dark,
Sir,

He may wish, while his friends wring their hands
round his bed, Sir,

That, like poor BELISARIUS, he’d beg’d for his bread,
Sir, *Date obolum BELISARIO.*

SUNG

SUNG IN THE BATTLE OF HEXHAM.

Tune—MODERATION and ALTERATION.

IN an old quiet parish, on brown, healthy, old moor,
Stands my master's old gate, whose old threshold is
wore

With many an old friend, who for liquor would roar;
And I uncork'd the old sherry that I had tasted before,
But it was in Moderation, &c.

There I had an old quiet pantry, of the servants was
the head,

And kept the key of the old cellar, and old plate, and
chip'd the brown bread :

If an odd old barrel was missing, it was easily said,
That the very old beer was one morning found dead.
But this was in Moderation, &c.

But we had a good old custom when the week did
begin,

To shew by my accounts I had not wasted a pin ;

or,

is

ar;

re,

as

nd

d.

d.